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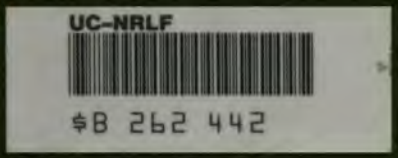

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THE TURF

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THE TURF

Apperley, Charles J.

BY NIMROD

GAY AND BIRD
22 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND
LONDON
1901

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Edinburgh: T. and A. CONSTABLE, (late) Printers to Her Majesty

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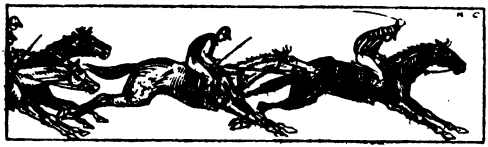

INTRODUCTION

AMONG the numerous English writers on the subject of Sporting, very few hold a higher position than does the writer who ultimately assumed the pseudonym of 'Nimrod.' He published about a dozen works, between the years 1831 and 1843. Some of these had previously appeared in the *Quarterly Review* and the *New Sporting Magazine*, and were unsigned. They related, generally speaking, to the Chace, the Road, and the Turf, and cognate subjects.

Charles James Apperley, for that was the real and full name of 'Nimrod,' was the second son of Thomas Apperley, Esq., of Wootton House, Gloucestershire, but is stated to have been born near Wrexham during

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1777. He received his education at Rugby. Young Apperley married early in life, and settled in Warwickshire, where he devoted himself to the pleasures of the Chace. At the age of forty-four—this was in 1821—he commenced to contribute to the *Sporting Magazine*; and in 1830 he deemed it judicious to leave the country and take up his residence in France.

'Nimrod' had now become well known to his contemporaries as a great authority on the points of both horses and hounds, and on everything connected with 'the noble science of fox-hunting'; and was generally regarded as a fairly good coachman and judge of driving, and 'had at any rate a long and practical acquaintance with the mails and stage-coaches running upon the great high roads which led to London.' His writings upon these subjects, therefore, were regarded as authoritative. The long interval of time which has elapsed since they were penned has detracted but little from their original value. The works of

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'Nimrod' are held in high regard by all who are competent to judge.

The most important of 'Nimrod's' contributions to sporting literature are *The Chace*, *The Turf*, and *The Road*, and his *Life of John Mytton*. The first-mentioned work, in whole and in part, has passed through several editions, and been illustrated by H. Alken. This work was contributed, shortly after his removal to the Continent, to the *Quarterly Review*, where it appeared in three instalments, and was first published in book form in 1837 by the famous publishing house of Murray. They appeared anonymously.

The Chace was the first of this series of papers, and appeared in the periodical mentioned for March 1832, and was entitled 'English Fox-hunting.' It gives 'the famous description of an ideal run with the Quorn under Mr. Osbaldeston's mastership.'

The Road appeared in the next volume to that of *The Chace* in the *Quarterly*, and was ostensibly a review of Dr. Kitchener's

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Travellers' Oracle, 3rd edition, 1828, and Jervis' *Horse and Carriage Oracle*, 1st edition, 1807, 3rd edition, 1828.

The second volume of 'The Sportsman's Classics' is a careful reprint of these two papers which have become English Sporting Classics.

The Turf appeared in the *Quarterly* for July 1833. Apperley was undoubtedly indefatigable in research for material for his literary work; and 'as a gentleman jockey he occasionally put in a not discreditable appearance at hunt-meetings.' On this subject, as on allied themes, 'Nimrod' wrote with a graphic pen.

The Turf constitutes the third volume of this series of reprints.

It may be added that 'Nimrod' returned to his native country. He died in Upper Belgrave Place, London, on May 19, 1843.

The head- and tail-pieces, title, and full-page illustrations are from the facile pen of Mr. Herbert Cole.

J. P. B.

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THE TURF

IN splendour of exhibition and multitude of attendants, Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, or Doncaster would bear no comparison with the imposing spectacles of the Olympic Games; and had not *racing* been considered in Greece a matter of the highest *national* importance, Sophocles would have been guilty of a great fault in his *Electra*, when he puts into the mouth of the messenger who comes to recount the death of Orestes, a long description of the above sports. Nor are these the only points of difference between the racing of Olympia and Newmarket. At the former, honour alone was the reward of the winner, and no man lost either his character or his money. But still, great as must have been in those old days the passion for equestrian distinction,

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it was left for later times to display, to perfection, the full powers of the race-horse. The want of stirrups alone must have been a terrible want. With the well-caparisoned war-horse, or the highly finished *cheval d'école*, even in his gallopade, capriole, or balotade, the rider may sit down upon his twist, and secure himself in his saddle by the clip which his thighs and knees will afford him; but there is none of that (*obstando*) resisting power about his seat which enables him to contend with the race-horse in his gallop. We admit that a very slight comparison can be drawn between the race-horse of ancient and that of modern days; but whoever has seen the print of the celebrated jockey, John Oakley, on Eclipse—the only man, by the way, who could ride him well—will be convinced that, without the fulcrum of stirrups, he could not have ridden him at all; as, from the style in which he ran, his nose almost sweeping the ground, he would very soon have been pulled from the saddle over his head.

Of the training and management of the Olympic race-horse we are unfortunately left in ignorance—all that can be inferred being

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the fact, that the equestrian candidates were required to enter their names and send their horses to Elis at least thirty days before the celebration of the games commenced; and that the charioteers and riders, whether owners or proxies, went through a prescribed course of exercise during the intervening month. In some respects, we can see, they closely resembled ourselves. They had their course for full-aged horses, and their course for colts; and their prize for which mares only started, corresponding with our Epsom Oaks-stakes. It is true that the race with riding-horses was neither so magnificent nor so expensive, and consequently not considered so *royal*, as the race with chariots; yet they had their gentlemen-jockeys in those days, and noted ones too, for amongst the number were Philip, King of Macedon, and Hiero, King of Syracuse. The first Olympic ode of Pindar, indeed, is inscribed to the latter sovereign, in which mention is made of his horse Phrenicus, on which he was the winner of the Olympic crown. Considerable obscurity, however, hangs over most of the details of the Olympic turf, and particularly as regards

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the classing of the riders, and the *weights the horses carried.* It is generally supposed these points were left to the discretion of the judges, who were sworn to do justice; and here we have a faint resemblance to the modern handicap.

How much is it to be lamented, that we have no faithful representation of the Olympic jockeys—of Philip on his brother to Bucephalus, or the King of Syracuse on Phrenicus. We are not to expect that they were dressed *à la* Chifney; but we could not see deformity on such classic ground. As suited to their occupation, nothing can be more neat—nothing more perfect—nothing more in keeping, than the *present* costume of the English jockey; but a century back it was deformity personified. 'Your clothes,' says the author of *The Gentleman's Recreation*, in his direction to his race-rider—for by the prin-annexed we must decline calling him jockey—'should be of coloured silk, or of white holland, as being very advantageous to the spectator. Your waistcoat and *drawers* (*sans culottes*, we presume) must be made close to your body, and on your head a *little* cap, tied.

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Let your boots be gartered up fast, and your spurs must be of good metal.' The saddle that this living object—this 'figure of fun'—was placed upon, also bade defiance to good jockeyship, being nearly a facsimile of that upon a child's rocking-horse; and which, from the want of a proper flap, as well as from the forward position of the stirrup-leathers, gave no support to the knee.

Cowper says, in bitter satire—

'We *justly* boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own!'

The *abuses* of the turf we abhor, and shall in part expose; let it not, however, be forgotten that, had we no racing, we should not be in possession of the noblest animal in the creation—the thorough-bred horse. Remember, too, that poor human nature cannot exist without some sort of recreation; even the rigid Cato says, 'the man who has no time to be idle is a slave.' Enclosures, and gradual refinement of manners have already contracted the circle of rural sports for which England has been so long celebrated; and we confess we are sorry

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for this, for we certainly give many of them the preference over racing. Hawking has disappeared; shooting has lost the wild sportsmanlike character of earlier days; and hare-hunting has fallen into disrepute. Fox-hunting, no doubt, stands its ground, but fears are entertained even for the king of sports. Fox-hunting suspends the cares of life, whilst the speculations of the race-course too generally increase them. The one steels the constitution, whilst the anxious cares of the other have a contrary effect. The love of the chace may be said to be screwed into the soul of man by the noble hand of Nature, whereas the pursuit of the other is too often the offspring of a passion we should wish to disown. The one enlarges those sympathies which unite us in a bond of reciprocal kindness and good offices; in the pursuit of the other, almost every man we meet is our foe. The one is a pastime —the other a game, and a hazardous one, too, and often played at fearful odds. Lastly, the chace does not usually bring any man into bad company; the modern turf is fast becoming the very manor of

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the worst. All this we admit; but still we are not for abandoning a thing only for evils not necessarily mixed up with it.

Having seen the English turf reach its acme, we should be sorry to witness its decline; but fall it must, if a tighter hand be not held over the whole system appertaining to it. Noblemen and gentlemen of fortune and integrity must rouse themselves from an apathy to which they appear lately to have been lulled; and they must separate themselves from a set of marked, unprincipled miscreants, who are endeavouring to elbow them off the ground which ought to be exclusively their own. No honourable man can be successful, for any length of time, against such a horde of determined depredators as have lately been seen on our race-courses; the most princely fortune cannot sustain itself against the deep-laid stratagems of such villainous combinations.

Perhaps it may not be necessary to enter into the very accidence of racing; but, on the authority of Mr. Strutt, *On the Sports and Pastimes of England*, something like it was set agoing in Athelstane's reign. 'Several race-horses,' says he, 'were sent by Hugh

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Capet, in the ninth century, as a present to Athelstane, when he was soliciting the hand of Ethelswitha, his sister.' A more distinct indication of a sport of this kind occurs in a description of London, written by William Fitz-Stephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II. He informs us that horses were usually exposed to sale in Smithfield; and, in order to prove the excellency of hackneys and charging-horses, they were usually *matched* against each other. Indeed, the monk gives a very animated description of the start and finish of a horse-race. In John's reign, running-horses are frequently mentioned in the register of royal expenditure. John was a renowned sportsman—he needed a redeeming quality—but it does not appear that he made use of his running-horses otherwise than in the sports of the field. Edwards II., III., and IV., were likewise breeders of horses, as also Henry VIII., who imported some from the East; but the running-horses of those days are not to be too closely associated with the turf; at least we have reason to believe the term generally applies to light and speedy animals, used in racing perhaps, occasionally, but chiefly in

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other active pursuits, and in contradistinction to the war-horse, then required to be most powerful, to carry a man cased in armour, and seldom weighing less than twenty stone. In fact, the invention of gunpowder did much towards refining the native breed of the English horse; and we begin to recognise the symptoms of a scientific turf in many of the satirical writings of the days of Elizabeth. Take, for instance, Bishop Hall's lines, in 1597:—

'Dost thou prize
Thy brute-beasts' worth by their dams' qualities?
Sayst thou thy colt shall prove a swift-paced steed,
Only because a jennet did him breed?
Or, sayst thou this same horse shall win the prize,
Because his dam was swiftest Tranchefice?'

It is quite evident, indeed, that racing was in considerable vogue during this reign, although it does not appear to have been much patronised by the Queen, otherwise it would, we may be sure, have formed a part of the pastimes at Kenilworth. The famous George, Earl of Cumberland, was one of the victims of the turf in those early days.

In the reign of James I., private matches between gentlemen, *then their own jockeys*,

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became very common in England; and the first public race meetings appear at Garterley, in Yorkshire; Croydon, in Surrey; and Theobald's, on Enfield Chace; the prize being a golden bell. The art of training also may be said now to have commenced; strict attention was paid to the food and exercise of the horses, but the effect of weight was not taken into consideration, ten stone being generally, we have reason to believe, both the maximum and minimum of what the horses carried. James patronised racing; he gave five hundred pounds—a vast price in those days—for an Arabian, which, according to the Duke of Newcastle, was of little value, having been beaten easily by our native horses. Prince Henry had a strong attachment to racing as well as hunting, but he was cut off at an early age. Charles I. was well inclined towards such sports, and excelled in horsemanship, but the distractions of his reign prevented his following these peaceful pastimes. According to Boucher, however, in his *Survey of the Town of Stamford*, the first valuable public prize was run for at that place in Charles the

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First's time, viz., a silver and gilt cup and cover, of the estimated value of eight pounds, provided by the care of the aldermen for the time being; and Sir Edward Harwood laments the scarcity of able horses in the kingdom, 'not more than two thousand being to be found equal to the like number of French horses'; for which he blames principally racing.[1] In 1640, races were held in Newmarket; also in Hyde Park, as appears from a comedy called the *Merry Beggars, or Jovial Crew*, 1641: 'Shall we make a fling to London, and see how the spring appears there in Spring Gardens, and in *Hyde Park, to see the races, horse and foot?*'

The wily Cromwell was not altogether indifferent to the breed of running-horses, and with one of the stallions in his stud—Place's White Turk—do the oldest of our pedigrees end. He had also a famous brood-mare, called the Coffin mare, from the circumstance of her being concealed in a vault during the search for his effects at the time of the Restoration. Mr. Place,

[1] Some time after this the Duke of Buckingham's Helmsley Turk, and the Morocco Barb, were brought to England, and greatly improved the native breed.

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stud-groom to Cromwell, was a conspicuous character of those days; and, according to some, the White Turk was his individual property. Charles II. was a great patron of the race-course. He frequently honoured this pastime with his presence, and appointed races to be run in Datchet Mead, as also at Newmarket, where his horses were entered in his own name, and where he rebuilt the decayed palace of his grandfather James I. He also visited other places at which races were instituted, Burford Downs in particular—(since known as Bibury race-course, so often frequented by George IV. when regent)—as witness the doggrel of old Baskerville:—

'Next for the glory of the place,
Here has been rode many a race.
King Charles the Second I saw here;
But I 've forgotten in what year.
The Duke of Monmouth here also
Made his horse to sweat and blow,' etc.

At this time it appears that prizes run for became more valuable than they formerly had been; amongst them were bowls, and various other pieces of plate, usually estimated at the value of one hundred guineas;

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and from the inscriptions on these trophies of victory, much interesting information might be obtained. This facetious monarch was likewise a breeder of race-horses, having imported mares from Barbary, and other parts, selected by his Master of the Horse, sent abroad for the purpose, and called Royal Mares — appearing as such in the stud-book to this day. One of these mares was the dam of Dodsworth, bred by the King, and said to be the earliest race-horse we have on record whose pedigree can be properly authenticated.

James II. was a horseman, but was not long enough among his people to enable them to judge of his sentiments and inclinations respecting the pleasures of the turf. When he retired to France, however, he devoted himself to hunting, and had several first-rate English horses always in his stud. William III. and his queen were also patrons of racing, not only continuing the bounty of their predecessors, but adding several plates to the former donations. Queen Anne's consort, Prince George of Denmark, kept a fine stud; and the Curwen Bay Barb, and the celebrated Darley

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Arabian, appeared in this reign. The Queen also added several plates. George I. was no racer, but he discontinued silver plates as prizes, and instituted the *King's Plates*, as they have been since termed, being one hundred guineas, paid in cash. George II. cared as little for racing as his father, but, to encourage the breed of horses, as well as to suppress low gambling, he made some good regulations for the suppression of pony races, and running for any sum under fifty pounds. In his reign the Godolphin Arabian appeared, the founder of our best blood—the property of the then Earl of Godolphin.[1] George III., though not much a lover of the turf, gave it some encouragement as a national pas-

[1] The reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and Georges I. and II., are remarkable in the annals of the turf as having been the days of the noted Tregonwell Frampton, Esq., a gentleman of family and fortune in the west of England, Master of the Horse during all the above-mentioned reigns; who had a house at Newmarket; was a heavy bettor; and, if not belied, a great rogue. The horrible charge against him, however, respecting his qualifying his horse Dragon for the race by a violent outrage upon humanity, and alluded to by Dr. Hawksworth in the *Elysium of Beasts*, is supposed to be unfounded.

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time; in the fourth year of his reign Eclipse was foaled, and *from that period may English racing be dated*!

George IV. outstripped all his royal predecessors on the turf, in the ardour of his pursuit of it, and the magnificence of his racing establishment. Indeed, the epithet 'delighting in horses,'—applied by Pindar to Hiero,—might be applied to him, for no man could have been fonder of them than he was, and his judgment in everything relating to them was considered excellent. He was the breeder of several first-rate race-horses, amongst which was Whiskey, the sire of Eleanor (the only winner of the Derby and Oaks great stakes); and also Gustavus, who won the Derby for Mr. Hunter. Our present gracious monarch—bred upon another element—has no taste for this sport; but continued it for a short time after his brother's death to run out his engagements, and also with a view of not throwing a damp over a pastime of such high interest to his subjects. It was at one time given out that his Majesty had consented to keep his horses in training, *provided he did not lose more than four*

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thousand pounds per annum by them; but such has not been the case. A royal stud, however, still exists at Hampton Court, and the following celebrated English stallions are now there, exclusive of four Arabians—two from the King of Oude, and two from the Imaum of Muscat, as presents to his Majesty. The former are: the Colonel, by Whisker, dam by Delpini, the property of his late Majesty George IV.; Actæon, by Scud, out of Diana, by Stamford, purchased of Viscount Kelburne for the sum of one thousand guineas; Cain, by Paulowitz, dam by Pagnator; and Rubini, by St. Patrick, out of Slight, by Selim: the two latter hired for the use of the stud. Of brood mares there are at present no less than thirty-three in the paddocks, of which there are forty-three, varying in size from three to five acres each; and some idea may be formed of the profit or loss of this extensive establishment from the following facts: The produce are annually sold at Tattersall's, on the Monday in the Epsom race-week, being then one year old. At two of these sales they brought within a trifle of two hundred pounds each; and at

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that of the present year, the colts and fillies, twenty in number, were knocked down at two thousand eight hundred and forty-six guineas, or within a fraction of one hundred and forty-two guineas for each.[1] It may be worthy of remark, that a regard has ever been paid in the Hampton Court stud to what is termed stout blood. For example, of the stud horses which those we have now mentioned replaced, Waterloo was out of a Trumpator, Tranby[2] an Orville, Ranter a Beningbrough, and the Colonel a Delpini, mare. This stud is at present under the superintendence of Colonel Wemyss, brother to the Member for Fife, and Equerry to the King, residing at the stud-house, formerly occupied by the

[1] See a list of prices in June (1836) number of *The New Sporting Magazine.*

[2] Tranby, it will be recollected, performed the hitherto unrivalled feat of carrying Mr. Osbaldeston sixteen miles in thirty-three minutes and fifteen seconds, in his wonderful match against time, over Newmarket course, last October twelve months. The time of each four-mile heat was as follows:—

Heats.	Min.	Sec.
1st	8	10
2nd	8	0
3rd	8	15
4th	8	50

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Earl of Albemarle; and assisted by the valuable services of Mr. Worley, many years stud-groom to his Royal Highness the late Duke of York. Some amusing anecdotes are on record, touching the rather incongruous association of our sailor-king with the turf, one of which we will venture to repeat. Previously to the first appearance of the royal stud in the name of William IV., the trainer had an audience of his Majesty, and humbly requested to be informed what horses it was the royal pleasure should be sent to Goodwood. 'Send the whole squadron,' said the King; '*some* of them, I suppose, will win.'[1]

Previously to 1753 there were only two meetings in the year at Newmarket[2] for the purpose of running horses, one in the spring, and another in October. At present there are seven, distinguished by the following

[1] It is proper to remark, that the withdrawing the royal stud was compensated by additional King's Plates, and by his Majesty's present to the Jockey Club of the splendid challenge-prize—*the Eclipse Foot*, still in Mr. Batson's keeping.

[2] Although other places claim precedence over Newmarket as the early scenes of public horse-racing, it is nevertheless the metropolis of the turf, and the only

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terms: The Craven, in compliment to the late Earl Craven, commencing on Easter Monday, and instituted in 1771; the First Spring, on the Monday fortnight following; the Second Spring, a fortnight after that, and instituted 1753; the July, commonly early in that month, instituted 1753; the First October, on the first Monday in that month; the Second October, on the Monday fortnight following, instituted 1762; and the Third October, or Houghton, a fortnight afterwards, instituted 1770. With the last-mentioned meeting, which, weather permitting, generally lasts a week, and at which there is a great deal of racing, the sports of the turf close for the year, with the exception of Tarporley, a very old hunt-meeting in Cheshire, now nearly abandoned; and a Worcester autumn meeting, chiefly for hunters and horses of the gentlemen and farmers within the hunt.

place in this island where there are more than two race-meetings in the year. It does not appear that races took place there previously to Charles the Second's time; but Simon d'Ewes, in his *Journal*, speaks of a horse-race near Linton, Cambridgeshire, in the reign of James I., at which town most of the company slept on the night of the race.

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At Newmarket, though there were formerly six and eight mile races, there are now not more than four over the Beacon Course, or B. C. as it is called, which is four miles, in all the seven meetings. This is an improvement, not only on the score of humanity, but as far as regards sport, for horses seldom come in near to each other, after having run that course. Indeed, so much is the system of a four-mile heat disliked, that, when it does occur, the horses often walk the first two. Yet it sometimes happens otherwise, as in the case of Chateau-Margaux and Mortgage, in one of the meetings in 1826; but all who remember the struggle between these two noble animals—*the very best of their kind, perhaps never exceeded in stoutness*,—and the state in which they appeared at the conclusion, can only think of it with disgust. Chateau's dead heat with Lamplighter was something like a repetition of the scene; but, to the honour of their owners, they were not suffered to run another, and the plate was divided between them.

The Curragh of Kildare is said to be in some respects its equal, but nothing can be

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superior to Newmarket heath as a race-course. The nightly workings of the earth-worms keep it in that state of elasticity favourable to the action of the race-horse, and it is never known to be hard, although occasionally deep. But the great superiority of this ground consists in the variety of its courses—eighteen in number—adapted to every variety in age, weight, or qualifications of the horses, and hence of vast importance in match-making. Almost every race-horse has a marked peculiarity in his running. A stout horse ends his race to advantage up hill; a speedy jade down hill; another goes best over a flat, whilst there are a few that have no choice of ground—and some whom none will suit. The Newmarket judge's box being on wheels, it is moved from one winning-post to another, as the races are fixed to end, which is the case nowhere but at Newmarket.[1]

[1] Great improvements have from time to time been effected on Newmarket heath, but particularly within the last twenty years, by the exertions of the Duke of Portland and Lord Lowther. These have been chiefly accomplished by manuring, sheep-folding, and paring and burning, by which means a better sort of covering to the surface has been procured; and likewise by

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The office of judge at Newmarket varies from that of others filling similar situations. He neither sees the jockeys weighed out or in, as the term is, neither is he required to take notice of them or their horses in the race. *He judges, and proclaims the winner, by the colour*—that of every jockey who rides being handed to him before starting. Indeed, the horses are seldom seen by him until the race begins, and, in some cases, till it nearly ends; as they generally proceed from their stables to the saddling-house by a circuitous route. The best possible regulations are adopted for the proper preservation of the ground during the running, and we know of nothing to be found fault with, unless it be the horsemen being allowed to follow the race-horses up the course, which injures the ground when it is wet. It is true, a very heavy iron roller is employed upon it every evening in the meetings, but this cannot always be effective.

The racing ground on the heath has been

destroying the tracks of old roads, particularly on that part called the Flat, which is undoubtedly the best racing ground in the world.

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the property of the Jockey Club since the year 1753. A great power is gained here by giving the power of preventing obnoxious persons coming upon it during the meetings; and it would be well if that power were oftener exerted. Betting-posts are placed on various parts of the heath, at some one of which the sportsmen assemble immediately after each race, to make their bets on the one that is to follow. As not more than half an hour elapses between the events, the scene is of the most animated description, and a stranger would imagine that all the tongues of Babel were let loose again. No country under the heavens, however, produces such a scene as this; and he would feel a difficulty in reconciling the proceedings of those gentlemen of the betting-ring with the accounts he might read the next morning in the newspapers of the distressed state of England, or that money was scarce anywhere. 'What do you bet on this race, my lord?' says a vulgar-looking man, on a shabby hack, with 'a shocking bad hat.' 'I want to back the field,' says my lord. 'So do I,' says the leg. 'I'll bet five hundred to two

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hundred you don't name the winner,' cries my lord. 'I 'll take six,' exclaims the leg. 'I 'll bet it you,' roars my lord. 'I 'll double it,' bellows the leg. 'Done,' shouts the peer. 'Treble it?' 'No.' The bet is entered, and so much for wanting to back the field! but in love, war, and horse-racing, stratagem, we believe, is allowed. Scores of such scenes as this take place in those momentous half-hours. All bets lost at Newmarket are paid the following morning, in the town, and fifty thousand pounds, or more, have been known to exchange hands in one day.

The principal feature in Newmarket is the New Rooms, for the use of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Jockey Club, and others who are *members of the Rooms only*, situated in the centre of the town, and affording every convenience. Each member pays thirty guineas on his entrance, and six guineas annually, *if he attends*—otherwise nothing. The number at present is fifty-seven: two black balls exclude. At the Craven Meeting of the present year it was resolved—'That members of White's, Brooks's, or Boodle's Club, may be ad-

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mitted to the News Rooms and Coffee Rooms, for any one meeting, without any other charge than the payment of one half-year's subscription to each; and that each member attending any other meeting in the same year will be considered a member of the New Rooms, and liable to all the usual charges.'

On entering the town from the London side, the first object of attraction is the house long occupied by the late Duke of Queensberry, but at present in a disgraceful state of decay. 'Kingston House' is now used as a 'hell' (*sic transit gloria!*); and the palace, the joint work of so many royal architects, is partly occupied by a training-groom, and partly by his Grace of Rutland, whose festivities at Cheveley, during the race-meetings, have very wisely been abridged. The Earl of Chesterfield has a house just on entering the town, and the Marquis of Exeter a most convenient one, with excellent stabling attached. The Duke of Richmond, Mr. Christopher Wilson, father of the turf, and several other eminent sportsmen, are also *domiciled* at Newmarket during the meetings. But the lion of

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the place is the princely mansion lately erected for Mr. Crockford, of ultra-sporting notoriety. The *pleasaunce* of this *insula* consists of sixty acres, already enclosed by Mr. Crockford within a high stone wall. The houses of the Chifneys are also stylish things. That of Samuel, the renowned jockey, is upon a large scale, and very handsomely furnished—the Duke of Cleveland having for several years occupied apartments in it during the meetings. That of William Chifney, the trainer, is still larger, and perhaps, barring Crockford's, the best house in Newmarket.[1] Near to the town is the stud-farm of Lord Lowther, where Partisan, and a large number of brood mares, are kept,—the latter working daily on the farm, which is said to be advantageous to them. Within a few miles we have Lower Hare Park, the seat of Sir Mark Wood, with Upper Hare Park, General Grosvenor's, etc. The stables of Newmarket are not altogether so good as we should expect to find them. Of the

[1] We are sorry to have to state that a reverse of fortune has been the lot of both the Chifneys, and that these houses are in the hands of their creditors.

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public ones, perhaps those of Robinson, Edwards, Stephenson, and Webb, are the best.

That noble gift of Providence, the horse, has not been bestowed upon mankind without conditions. The first demand upon us is to treat him well; but, to avail ourselves of his full powers and capacity, we must take him out of the hands of nature, and place him in those of art; and no one can look into old works published on this subject without being surprised with the change that has taken place in the system of training the race-horse. *The Gentleman's Recreation*, published nearly a century and a half back, must draw a smile from the modern trainer, when he reads of the quackery to which the race-horse was then subject,—a pint of good sack having been one of his daily doses. Again, *The British Sportsman*, by one Squire Osbaldiston, of days long since gone by, gravely informs its readers, that one month is necessary to prepare a horse for a race; but 'if he be very fat or foul, or taken from grass,' he *might* require two. This wiseacre has also his juleps and syrups

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—'enough to make a horse sick' indeed—finishing with the whites of eggs and wine, internally administered, and chafing the legs of his courser with train-oil and brandy. On the other hand, if these worthies could be brought to life again, it would astonish them to hear that twelve months are now considered requisite to bring a race-horse quite at the top of his mark to the post. The objects of the training-groom can only be accomplished by medicine, which purifies the system, — exercise, which increases muscular strength, — and food, which produces vigour beyond what nature imparts. To this is added the necessary operation of periodical sweating, to remove the superfluities of flesh and fat, which process is more or less necessary to all animals called upon to engage in corporeal exertions beyond their ordinary powers. With either a man or a horse, his skin is his complexion; and whether it be the prize-fighter who strips in the ring, or the race-horse at the starting-post, that has been subjected to this treatment, a lustre of health is exhibited such as no other system can produce.

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The most difficult points in the trainer's art have only been called into practice since the introduction of one, two, and three-year-old stakes, never thought of in the days of Childers or Eclipse. Saving and excepting the treatment of doubtful legs, whatever else he has to do in his stable is comparatively trifling to the act of bringing *a young one* quite up to the mark, and *keeping him there till he is wanted.* The cock was sacred to Æsculapius by reason of his well-known watchfulness; nor should the eye of a training-groom be shut whilst he has an animal of this description under his care, for a change may take place in him in a night, which, like a frost over the blossoms, will blast all hopes of his success. The immense value, again, which a *very promising* colt now attains in the market adds greatly to the charge over him; and much credit is due to the trainer who brings him well through his engagements, whether he be a winner or not.

The treatment of the seasoned race-horse is comparatively easy and straightforward, with the exception of such as are very difficult to keep in place, by reason of

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constitutional peculiarities. Those which have been at work are thus treated, we mean when the season is concluded: by indulgence in their exercise they are suffered to gather flesh, or become 'lusty,' as the term is, to enable them the better to endure their physic; but, in addition to two hours' walking exercise, they must have a gentle gallop to keep them quiet. If frost sets in, they are walked and trotted in a paddock upon litter, it being considered dangerous to take them at that time from home. When the weather is favourable, they commence a course of physic, consisting of perhaps three doses, at an interval of about eight days between each. A vast alteration has taken place in the strength of the doses given, and, consequently, accidents from physic now more rarely occur. Eight drachms of Barbadoes aloes form the *largest* dose at present given to aged horses, with six to four-year olds, five to three-year olds, four to two-year olds, and from two to three to yearlings; although in all such operations the constitution of the animal must be consulted. After physic, and after Christmas, they begin to do rather better

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work, and in about two months before their first engagement comes on, they commence their regular sweats—the distance generally four miles for horses four years old and upwards. After their last sweat, the jockeys who are to ride them generally give them a good gallop, by way of feeling their mouths and rousing them, for they are apt to become shifty, as it is termed, with *boys*, who have not sufficient power over them. The act of sweating the race-horse is always a course of anxiety to his trainer, and particularly so on the eve of a great race for which he may be a favourite. The great weight of clothes with which he is laden is always dangerous, and often fatal, to his legs, and there is generally a spy at hand, to ascertain whether he pulls up sound or lame. Some nonsense has been written by the author of a late work,[1] about omitting sweating in the process of training; but what would the Chifneys say to this? They are acknowledged pre-eminent in the art, but they are also acknowledged to be very severe—perhaps too much so—with their horses in their work; and, without sweating them in

[1] Scott's *Field Sports*.

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clothes, they would find it necessary to be much more so than they are. It is quite certain, that horses cannot race without doing severe work; but the main point to be attended to is, *not to hurry them in their work.* As to resting them for many weeks at a time, as was formerly the case, that practice is now entirely exploded amongst all superior judges; and experience has proved, that not only the race-horse, but the hunter, is best for being kept going the year round—at times, gently, of course. With each, as with man, idleness is the parent of misfortune.

Thucydides says of Themistocles that he was a good guesser of the future by the past; but this will not do in racing; and not only prudence, but justice towards the public demands that a race-horse should be tried at different periods of his training. The first great point is obviously to ascertain the maximum speed, and the next to discover how that is affected by weight: but here there are difficulties against which no judgment can provide, and which, when the best intentions have been acted upon, have led to false conclusions. The horse may

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not be quite up to his mark, on the day of trial—or the horse, or horses, with which he is tried, may not be so: the nature of the ground, and the manner of running it, may likewise not be suited to his capabilities or his action, and the trial and his race may be very differently run. The late Chifney, in his *Genius Genuine*, says the race-horse Magpie was a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards a better horse some days than others, in the distance of two miles! Tiresias won the Derby for the Duke of Portland in a canter, to the ruin of many of the betting men, who thought his chance was gone from his previous trial with Snake, who beat him with much ease. It afterwards came out, that his being beaten at the trial had been owing to the incapacity of the boy who rode him—and he was a bad horse to ride: indeed, we remember his taking old Clift, his jockey, nearly into Epsom town before he could pull him up, after winning the race. We are compelled, however, to observe, that much deception in late years has been resorted to, by false accounts of trials, and thereby making horses favourites for the great stakes—as

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in the instances of Panic, Premier, Swap, the General, Prince Llewellyn, and others—some of whom were found to be as bad as they had been represented to be good. But the trial of trials took place many years back at Newmarket, in the time of George I. A match was made between the notorious Tregonwell Frampton and Sir W. Strickland, to run two horses over Newmarket heath for a considerable sum of money: and the betting was heavy between the north and south-country sportsmen on the event. After Sir W. Strickland's horse had been a short time at Newmarket, Frampton's groom, with the knowledge of his master, endeavoured to induce the baronet's groom to have a private trial, *at the weights and distance of the match*, and thus to make the race *safe*. Sir William's man had the honesty to inform his master of the proposal, when he ordered him to accept it, but to be sure to deceive the other by putting seven pounds more weight in the stuffing of his own saddle. *Frampton's groom had already done the same thing*, and in the trial, Merlin, Sir William's horse, beat his opponent about a length. 'Now,'

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said Frampton to his satellite, 'my fortune is made, and so is yours; if our horse can run so near Merlin with seven pounds extra, what will he do in the race?' The betting became immense. The south-country turfites, who had been let into the secret by Frampton, told those from the north, that 'they would bet them gold against Merlin while gold they had, and then they might sell their land.' Both horses came well to the post, and of course the race came off like the trial.

The Jockey Club law is very strict as to trials at Newmarket, notice being obliged to be given to the keeper of the trial-book within one hour after the horses have been tried, enforced by a penalty of ten pounds for neglecting it; and any person detected watching a trial is very severely dealt with. Nevertheless, formerly, watching trials was a trade at Newmarket, nor is it quite done away with at the present day; though we have reason to believe that the bettor who should trust much to information obtained by such means would very soon break down. It often happens, that the jockeys who ride trials know nothing of the result beyond

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the fact of which horses run fastest, as they are kept in ignorance of the weight they carry—a good load of shot being frequently concealed in the stuffing of their saddles.

In later times than these, we have heard of more than one good *ruse de guerre* being practised at Newmarket; whereby, according to the old adage, the biter was bitten, and deservedly bitten too. The late Earl of Grosvenor had a horse heavily engaged at the Craven meeting, and a few days before he was to run a report was circulated that he coughed. But whence the report? Why a man had been hired, by a party, to lie all night on the roof of his box to ascertain the fact which he proclaimed. His authority, however, being doubted, another worthy was employed to perform the same office on the following night; which, coming to the ears of the trainer, was immediately reported to his noble employer. 'Have we no horse that coughs?' inquired his lordship. 'We have one, my lord,' was the reply. 'Then,' said his lordship, 'let him be put into the box over which the fellow is to pass the night; and if he does not

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catch his death from this cold north-east wind and sleet, we shall do very well.' Of course the odds became heavy against the horse, from the report of this second herald; and his lordship pocketed a large sum by his horse, who won his race with ease. Still later, indeed (the parties being now alive—the one, no other than Mr. Wilson, the oldest member of the Jockey Club; and the other, a noble duke, but then a noble viscount), a very fair advantage was taken of a report circulated by the means of one of these watchers, vulgarly called 'touters.' Mr. Wilson was about to try a two-year colt, and had entered his trial for the morrow. 'We must not try to-morrow, sir,' said his trainer. 'Why not?' inquired Mr. Wilson. '*We shall be watched*, sir,' replied the trainer; 'and the old horse's (*i.e.* the trial horse) white fore-leg will be sure to let out the cat.' 'Leave that to me,' said Mr. Wilson; 'I shall be at the stable before you get out with the horses.' And, coming prepared with the materials for the purpose, he painted the white fore-leg of the old horse black, and the fellow one of the colt white; and so they went to

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the ground. The old one, as may be supposed, ran the fastest and longest; but, being mistaken by the 'touter' for the young one, his fame soon spread abroad, and he was sold the next day to the noble viscount for fifteen hundred guineas, being somewhere about eleven hundred more than he was worth. But the march of intellect and roguery, which appears to have run a dead heat on the turf, has made people wiser and sharper respecting such matters as these. The Marquis of Exeter keeps his trying saddles under his own locks; and has a machine for weighing his trial riders, which shows the weights to himself, and to no one but himself.[1]

But to return for a moment to the effect of weight on the race-horse. Perhaps an instance of the most minute observation of this effect is to be found in a race at Newcastle-under-Lyne, some years back, between four horses handicapped by the celebrated Dr. Bellyse, namely,—Sir John

[1] The uninitiated in these matters are not perhaps aware that horses are often matched at Newmarket for large sums, though with the certainty of losing, merely for the advantage of a trial with a good horse.

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Egerton's Astbury, four years old, eight stone six pounds; Mr. Mytton's Handel, four years old, seven stone eleven pounds; Sir William Wynne's Taragon, four years old, eight stone; Sir Thomas Stanley's Cedric, three years old, six stone thirteen pounds. The following was the result:—*Of the first three heats there was no winner*, Taragon and Handel being each time nose and nose; and although Astbury is stated to have been third the first heat, yet he was so nearly on a level with the others, that there was a difficulty in placing him as such. After the second heat, Mr. Littleton, who was steward, requested the Doctor and two other gentlemen to look steadfastly at the horses, and try to decide in favour of one of them; but it was impossible to do so. In the *third dead heat*, Taragon and Handel had struggled with each other till they reeled about like drunken men, and could scarcely carry their riders to the scales. Astbury, who had laid by after the first heat, then came out and won; and it is generally believed the annals of the turf cannot produce such a contest as this. So much for a good handicap, formed on a

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thorough knowledge of the horses, their ages, and their public running.

Taking into consideration the immense sums of money run for by English race-horses, the persons that ride them form an important branch of society; and although the term 'jockey' is often used in a metaphorical sense, in allusion to the unfair dealings of men, yet there ever have been, and now are, jockeys of high moral character, whom nothing would induce to do wrong. Independently of trustworthiness, their avocation requires a union of the following not everyday qualifications: considerable bodily power in a very small compass; much personal intrepidity; a kind of habitual insensibility to provocation, bordering upon apathy, which no efforts of an opponent, in a race, can get the better of; and an habitual check upon the tongue. Exclusive of the peril with which the actual race is attended, his profession lays a heavy tax on the constitution. The jockey must not only at times work hard, but—the hardest of all tasks — he must work upon an empty stomach. During his preparation for the

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race, he must have the abstinence of an Asiatic; indeed, it too often happens that at meals he can only be a spectator—we mean during the period of his wasting. To sum up all—he has to work hard, and to deprive himself of every comfort, risking his neck into the bargain; and for what?—Why, for five guineas if he wins, and three if he loses a race, although they occasionally receive handsome presents from the owners of winning horses. The famous Pratt, the jockey of the no less famous little Gimcrack (of whom, man and horse, there is a fine portrait by Stubbs), rode eleven races over the Beacon course in one day; making, with returning to the post on his hack, a distance of eighty-eight miles in his saddle: yet what was this when compared with the Osbaldeston feat?

Of course we must go to Newmarket for the *élite* of this fraternity; and this reminds us that Francis Buckle is not there. He is in his grave; but he has left behind him not merely an example for all young jockeys to follow, but proof that honesty is the best policy; for he died in the esteem of all the racing world, and in the possession of a

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comfortable independence, acquired by his profession. What the Greeks said of Fabricius might be said of him — that it would have been as difficult to have turned the sun from its course, as to have turned him from his duty; and, having said this, we should like to say a little more of him. He was the son of a saddler, at Newmarket, —no wonder he was so good on the saddle, —and commenced in the late Honourable Richard Vernon's stables at a very early age. He rode the winners of five Derby, seven Oaks, and two St. Leger stakes, besides, to use his own words, '*most of the good things at Newmarket*,' in his time; but it was in 1802 that he so greatly distinguished himself at Epsom, by taking long odds that he won both Derby and Oaks, on what were considered very unlikely horses to win either. His Derby horse was the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, with seven to one against him, beating Mr. Wilson's Young Eclipse, considered the best horse of his year. Young Eclipse made the play, and was opposed by Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando, who contested every inch of ground with him for the first mile. From Buckle's fine judgment of *pace*,

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he was convinced they must both stop; so, following, and watching them with Tyrant, he came up and won, to the surprise of all who saw him, *with one of the worst horses that ever won a Derby.* The following year, Young Eclipse beat Tyrant, giving him four pounds. Buckle, having made one of his two events safe, had then a *fancy* that Mr. Wastell's Scotia could win the Oaks, if he were on her back; and he got permission to ride her. *She was beaten three times between Tattenham's corner and home;* but he got her up again in front, and won the race by a head. The Newmarket people declared they had never seen such a race before, snatched out of the fire, as it were, by fine riding. In another place (Lewes), he won an extraordinary race against a horse of the late Mr. Durand's, on which he had a considerable sum of money depending; thus winning his race, but losing his money. He rode Sancho, for Mr. Mellish, in his great match with Pavilion, and was winning it when his horse broke down. He also won the Doncaster St. Leger with Sancho.

Buckle, as we have already said, commenced riding exercise at a very early age;

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but his first appearance in public was on Mr. Vernon's bay colt, Wolf, in 1783, when he rode one pound short of four stone, with his saddle. He soon entered the service of the late Earl Grosvenor, with whom he remained to his, the earl's, death. His weight was favourable, being seldom called upon to reduce himself, as he could ride seven stone eleven pounds with ease. He continued riding in public until past his sixty-fifth year, and his nerve was good even to the last, although, as might be expected, he was latterly shy of a crowd; and generally cast an eye to the state of the legs and feet, when asked to ride a horse he did not know. His jockeying Green Mantle, however, for Lord Exeter, in the Second October Meeting, 1828, and winning with her, after the tricks she played him before starting, showed that even then his courage was unshaken. But it is not only in public, but in private life, that Buckle stood well. He was a kind father and husband, and a good master; and his acts of charity were conspicuous for a person in his situation of life, who might be said to have gotten all he possessed, first by the sweat of his brow, and then at the risk of

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his life. In a short biographical sketch of him, his little peculiarities are noticed in rather an amusing style. 'He was,' says his biographer,[1] 'a great patron of the sock and buskin, and often bespoke plays for the night in country towns. He was a master of hounds, a breeder of greyhounds, fighting-cocks, and bull-dogs (*proh pudor!*), and always celebrated for his hacks. In the language of the stud-book, his first wife had no produce, but out of the second he had several children. We may suppose he chose her as he would a race-horse, for she was not only very handsome, but very good.' He left three sons, who are comfortably and respectably settled in life—one a solicitor, one a druggist, and the other a brewer. 'Young Buckle' is his nephew, and considered a fair jockey, though he does not ride so often as his uncle was called upon to do. But Frank Buckles are scarce.

The present Samuel Chifney presents the *beau idéal* of a jockey—elegance of seat, perfection of hand, judgment of pace, all

[1] Nimrod. Vide *Old Sporting Magazine*, vol. xiv., No. 81, June 1824; also *New Sporting Magazine*, vol. iii., No. 13, May 1832.

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united, and power in his saddle beyond any man of his weight that ever yet sat in one. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he is son of the late celebrated jockey of his name, by the daughter of a training-groom, consequently well bred for his profession, to which he is a first-rate ornament. Such a rider as James Robinson may slip him, but no man can struggle with him at the end; and his efforts in his saddle, during the last few strides of his horse, are quite without example. There are, however, peculiarities in his riding: excellent judge as he is of what his own horse and others are doing in a race, and in a crowded one too, he is averse to making running, sometimes even to a fault. Let whatever number of horses start, Chifney is almost certain to be amongst the last until towards the end of the race, when he creeps up to his brother jockeys in a manner peculiarly his own. But it is in the rush he makes at the finish that he is so pre-eminent, exhibiting, as we said before, powers unexampled by any one. His riding his own horse, Zinganee, for the Claret stakes (Craven Meeting, 1829), was a fine speci-

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men of his style, when contending against Buckle on Rough Robin, and James Robinson on Cadland, and winning, to the astonishment of the field. In height he is about five feet seven, rather tall for a jockey, and not a good waster. In fact, he has been subject to much punishment to get to the Derby weight. Samuel does not ride often; but whenever he does, his horse rises in the market, as was the case with his father before him at one period of his life.

Some anecdotes are related of Chifney, confirming his great coolness in a race, and among others the following:—Observing a young jockey (a son of the celebrated Clift) making very much too free with his horse, he addressed him thus: 'Where are you going, boy? Stay with me, and you'll be *second*.' The boy drew back his horse, and a fine race ensued, but when it came to a struggle we need not say who won it. Chifney's method of finishing his race is the general theme of admiration on the turf. 'Suppose,' says he, 'a man has been carrying a stone, too heavy to be pleasant, in one hand, would he not find much ease

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by shifting it into the other? Thus, after a jockey has been riding over his horse's fore-legs for a couple of miles, must it not be a great relief to him when he sits back in his saddle, and, as it were, divides the weight more equally? But caution is required,' he adds, 'to preserve a due equilibrium, so as not to disturb the action of a tired horse.' Without doubt, this celebrated performer imbibed many excellent lessons from his father, but he has been considered the more powerful jockey of the two.

James Robinson, also the son of a training groom, is a jockey of the highest celebrity, and, as far as the art of horsemanship extends, considered the *safest* rider of a race of the present day. He may owe much of his celebrity to his having, when a boy, had the advantage of being in the stables of Mr. Robson, the chief of the Newmarket trainers, and riding many of the trials of his extensive and prosperous studs. When we state that such a rider as Robinson is considered equal to the allowance of three pounds weight to his horse, we can account for his having been

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employed by the first sportsmen of the day. It is supposed that he has ridden the winners of more great races than any jockey of his time. In 1827 he won the Derby on Mameluke, and the St. Leger on Matilda; receiving one thousand pounds from a Scotch gentleman (a great winner) as a reward for the latter: and in the following year he went a step beyond this; he won Derby, Oaks, and *was married* all in the same week, fulfilling, as some asserted, a prediction—according to other authorities, a *bet*. We may also notice his kindness towards his family, which we have reason to believe is most creditable to him. As a jockey he is perfect. His brother, Thomas Robinson, lives with, and rides for, Lord Henry Seymour, in France; as likewise does young Flatman, better known at Newmarket as brother to Natt, whose name is Flatman.

William Clift is next entitled to notice, as one of the oldest, the steadiest, and best of the Newmarket jockeys, and famed for riding trials; but he has taken leave of the saddle. William Arnull, lately deceased, rode for most of the great sportsmen of

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the day at Newmarket, and was considered particularly to excel in matches. He was much afflicted with gout, but when well was a fine rider, and steady and honest, as his father was before him. Being occasionally called upon to waste, he felt the inconvenience of his disorder, and the following anecdote is related of him:—Meeting an itinerant piper towards the end of a long and painful walk,—'Well, old boy,' said he, 'I have heard that music cheers the weary soldier; why should it not enliven the wasting jockey?[1] Come, play a tune, and walk before me to Newmarket.' Perhaps he had been reading the *Mourning Bride.*

'A good name is as a precious ointment,' and by uniform correct conduct in the saddle, as well as in the stable, John Day—a very celebrated jockey—has acquired that of 'honest John.' The endowments of nature are not always hereditary, and well for our hero that they are not, for he is the son of a man who weighed twenty stone, whereas he himself can ride seven! His winning the Newmarket Oatlands on

[1] 'Music has charms!'

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Pastime, with nine stone six pounds on her back, is considered his *chef-d'œuvre*. He resides at Stockbridge, in Hampshire, where he has a very large public training establishment, and several race-horses of his own. Samuel Day, his brother, is also a jockey of great ability, and a singularly elegant horseman, with remarkably fine temper; but he has lately declined riding in public. Wheatley is the son of an eminent jockey of that name, who rode for the celebrated O'Kelly, and contemporary with South and Pratt. He is a fine horseman; and esteemed a dangerous opponent in a race, by reason of his tact in creeping up to his horses when little thought on, and winning when least expected: he is likewise a severe punisher when punishment is wanted, and has a character free from taint. He has ridden Mameluke in some of his best races, and exhibited a rare specimen of his art in the ever-memorable contest between that fine race-horse and Zinganee, with Chifney on his back, for the Ascot cup, 1829. Ascot Heath never was honoured before by so many good horses,—and, alas! never again by the

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presence of George IV. George Dockeray stood high on the list as a powerful and good horseman, with excellent nerve in a crowd; but, being a bad waster, and much punished to bring himself to the three-year-old weights, he has given up riding in public. Frank Boyce was very good, and esteemed an excellent starter,—a great advantage in the short races of the present day.[1] Richard, or Young Boyce, as he is called at Newmarket, a very pretty horseman, with a good head, has now given up riding, owing to being too heavy. Conolly, who has been riding successfully for Lords Chesterfield and Verulam, is in high repute at Newmarket. He has a bad Irish seat, but he is very strong upon his horse, and his hand and head are good. Wright is also a steady good rider, and comes light to the scale. He was very successful on Crutch. Natt, or Flatman (his surname), is a very improving jockey, and is engaged by the Earl of Chesterfield. James Chapple, very good and very light, seven stone without wasting,

[1] This eminent jockey died in November, 1836, at Newmarket in his thirty-ninth year, with a character quite free from reproach.

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rode the winner of Derby and Oaks in 1833. Arthur Pavis has the call for the light weights at Newmarket. He is in very high practice in public and private; and never being called upon to waste, is in great request, and perhaps rides more races in the year, and winning ones, too, than any other jockey in England. As practice makes perfect, Pavis is approaching perfection, and bids fair to arrive at it. He has a very elegant seat, being cast in the mould for a jockey, and is very full of power for his size. His brother, Edgar, is principal jockey for his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans in France, and rides light and well. Another of the clever light weights is Samuel Mann —the lightest man of all his Newmarket brethren, and of course very often employed. Macdonald, another Newmarket jockey, is a very superior horseman, whose skill is not confined to the turf. He is famed for riding and driving trotting matches having ridden Driver against Rattler, and driven Mr. Payne's Rochester against Rattler in the disputed match. He has capital nerve, and shines upon savage horses, which many would be unwilling to encounter.

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Darling, a very eminent country jockey, has lately been riding for Lord Exeter at Newmarket, where we hope he will be often employed, as he has been very true to his masters, Messrs. Houldsworth, Ormsby Gore, and others.

The name of Goodison has been long associated with Newmarket; the late Richard Goodison having been so many years rider to the Duke of Queensberry, with whom the present jockey, Thomas Goodison, began, by riding the late Duke of Bedford's chestnut colt, Cub, by Fidget, in the Houghton Meeting in 1794, and signalised himself by winning the famous match on Pecker against Bennington in 1795, B. C., five hundred guineas a side, then riding only four stone one pound, and six to four on him at starting. His father accompanied him on a thorough-bred horse during the latter part of the race, as he was riding against an experienced jockey, and perhaps his instructions enabled him to win. Thomas Goodison rode much for the late King; but his 'first master,' as the term is, was the late Duke of York, for whom he won many great races, and par-

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ticularly distinguished himself by winning the Claret stakes with Moses (with whom he also won the Derby), in the Craven Meeting of 1823, beating Morisco, Posthuma, and three other good ones, by *extreme judgment* in riding the race. He has ever been distinguished for his patience and decision, and the turf lost a first-rate jockey when he retired.

There are more Edwardses at Newmarket than there were Cæsars at Rome; and they all ride, as it were, by instinct. James, or *Tiny* Edwards, as he is called, *par excellence*, of course, is father of all the jockeys that bear that name, and also of William, formerly a jockey, who trained for his late majesty, and has a pension and part of the palace and stables at Newmarket as his reward. James trains for the Earl of Jersey, and is considered first-rate, and particularly so in his preparation for the Derby course. The cleverest of the jockeys is Harry, the one-eyed man, who lived with the late Earl Fitzwilliam, a very elegant horseman; and our Caledonian friends will not forget his winning the King's Plate on Terror. He has now retired from the turf, and practises

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as a veterinary surgeon at Carlisle. George is likewise very good, as are Charles and Edward, young ones, not forgetting Frederick, little better than a child, but with the seat of an old man. When his late majesty saw his own horses mixed with Lord Jersey's at Ascot, and the answer to every question of 'Who is that?' was 'Edwards'; 'Bless me,' exclaimed the king, 'what lots of jockeys that woman breeds!' It happens, however, that they are the produce of three different marriages; so the glories come, as Garter would say, from the *baron*, not the *femme*. We are sorry to say Samuel Barnard has lost his eyesight. He was a steady, good jockey, and rode for the Duke of Rutland, Lord Henry Fitzroy, and several of the best sportsmen on Newmarket heath. But we must not conclude without mentioning Old Forth, as he is called, who won the Derby in 1829, at the age of sixty, with a horse very little thought of before starting. He won a very large sum of money on the event, and has now a string of horses in training; and rode a capital race at Stockbridge in the present year.

It is said of the Yorkshire jockeys, that

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they should come to Newmarket for a seat. It is true they do not appear to such advantage in the saddle as their brethren of the south, nor, speaking generally, are they equal to them in their calling; but many very excellent jockeys have always been to be found in the north. At the head of these now alive is the noted Billy Pierse, who used to ride Haphazard for the Duke of Cleveland. Having feathered his nest well, he has retired, but is remarkable for the hospitality of his house, situated in the town of Richmond. Robert Johnson is likewise one of the oldest, best, and we may add, most successful of the northern jockeys, having ridden Doctor Syntax throughout his glorious career, and been four times winner of the St. Leger stakes; but John Jackson eclipsed him, having experienced that honour no less than as often again—a circumstance unparalleled among jockeys; and he very nearly won it a ninth time, on Blacklock. Johnson trained and rode Galopade for Mr. Riddell, the winner of the Doncaster cup. John Shepherd, an old jockey, is still alive, keeping a public-house at Malton. Shepherd

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was supposed to be the best judge of pace in a four-mile race of any man of his time. We are sorry to hear that John Mangle, another eminent Yorkshire jockey, is blind. He won the St. Leger five times; three in succession, for the Duke of Hamilton, and, in all, four times for his grace. Ben Smith has retired, rich; but the renowned John Singleton, one of the riders of Eclipse, and the first-winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, 1776, for the late Lord Rockingham, died a pauper in Chester workhouse.

George Nelson is a very conspicuous man among the northern jockeys, and the more so, as having been thought worthy of being transplanted to the south to ride for his late majesty, in the room of the second best jockey at Newmarket, viz., Robinson. Nelson was brought up by the late Earl of Scarborough, in whose opinion he stood high, and his lordship confirmed it by a pension. He won the St. Leger for the Earl, on Tarrare, a very unexpected event. He was likewise very successful in his exertions for his late majesty, from whom he also had his reward; but his great performances were on Lottery, Fleur-de-lis, and

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Minna, having *never* been beaten on the first two, and winning no less than eight times in one year on the latter. He first distinguished himself in a race at York, when riding only five stone four pounds. Tommy Lye, as he is called, is a very celebrated northern jockey, a great winner for the Duke of Cleveland and others; he rides very light, and very well. Templeman, the Duke of Leeds' rider, and Thomas Nicholson, also stand high. But the Chifney of the north is William Scott, and, perhaps, for hand, seat, and science in a race, he is not much inferior to any one. He rode St. Giles, the winner of the Derby in 1832, for Mr. Ridsdale, and won the St. Leger for Mr. Watt once, on Memnon, and for Mr. Petre twice, viz., with the Colonel and Rowton. He also won the Derby on Mundig, 1835, for Mr. Bowes, with great odds against him; and the Oaks, 1836, on Cyprian, the joint property of himself and his brother. Very excellent prints of Rowton and Mundig and himself have been published by Ackermann, from a painting by Ferneley and Hancock. But such men as Scott, Chifney, Robinson, and

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Pavis generally appear to advantage; they are in great request, and consequently are put on the best horses in the race, and have the best chance to distinguish themselves. William Scott is possessed of considerable property (part in right of his wife), and is brother to the well-known Yorkshire trainer of his name.

Every trade, profession, or pursuit, opens, in its own peculiar circle of habits, a distinct subject of study; and perhaps the existence of the Newmarket stable-boy, a thing on which the majority of our readers have never spent a thought, might, as painted by Holcroft, interest them more than the most accurate delineation of many higher modes and aspects of life. In that able writer's *Memoirs* — the genuine and really valuable part of them—all this is capitally described, from his first arrival at Newmarket to his final departure, at the age of sixteen; from his fall off Mr. Woodcock's iron-grey filly, in his novitiate, to his being one of the best exercise-riding boys in the town;—until all his equestrian hopes were ruined by 'idling away his time in reading,' as he was emphatically told by

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his master; by his spelling a word of six syllables, to the surprise of his drunken schoolmaster; by his being detected in studying Arnold's *Psalmody*, under the guidance of the journeyman leather-breeches maker; and, lastly, in casting up figures on the stable-doors with a nail, from which the other boys, and the old housekeeper to boot, augured his very soon running mad.

Although, to use his own words, Holcroft scarcely saw a biped at Newmarket in whom he could find anything to admire, and despised his companions for the grossness of all their ideas, he had no reason to complain of his treatment by the several masters whom he served, and especially by Mr. Woodcock.

'He discovered a little too late that the dark-grey filly and I could not be trusted safely together. But though he turned me away, he did not desert me. He recommended me to the service of a little deformed groom, remarkably long in the fork, I think by the name of Johnstone, who was esteemed an excellent rider, and had a string of no less than thirteen famous

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horses, the property of the Duke of Grafton, under his care. This was acknowledged to be a service of great repute; but the shrewd little groom soon discovered that I had all my trade to learn, and I was again dismissed.'

After bewailing his misfortune of being out of place and so far from home *in forma pauperis*, he thus proceeds:

'I know not where I got the information, nor how, but in the very height of my distress I heard that Mr. John Watson, training and riding-groom to Captain Vernon, a gentleman of acute notoriety on the turf, and in partnership with Lord March, now Duke of Queensberry, was in want of, but just then found it difficult to procure, a stable-boy. To make this pleasing intelligence more welcome, the general character of John Watson was, that though he was one of the first grooms in Newmarket, he was remarkable for being good-tempered; yet the manner in which he disciplined his boys, though mild, was effectual, and few were in better repute. One consequence of this, however, was, that if any lad was dismissed by John Watson, it was not easy

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for him to find a place.[1] With him Jack Clarke lived, the lad with whom I came from Nottingham; this was another fortunate circumstance, and contributed to inspire me with confidence. My present hopes were so strongly contrasted with my late fears, that they were indeed enviable. To speak for once in metaphor, I had been as one of those who walk in the shadow of the valley of death; an accidental beam of sun broke forth, and I had a beatific view of heaven.

'It was no difficult matter to meet with John Watson: he was so attentive to stable-hours that, except on extraordinary occasions, he was always to be found. Being first careful to make myself look as much like a stable-boy as I could, I came at the hour of four (the summer hour for opening the afternoon stables, giving a slight feed of oats, and going out to evening exercise), and ventured to ask if I could see John Watson. The immediate answer was in the affirmative. John Watson came, looked

[1] This is still the case at Newmarket. No trainer will take a boy that offers himself until his late master has been consulted.

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at me with a serious but good-natured countenance, and accosted me with, "Well, my lad, what is your business? I suppose I can guess; you want a place?" "Yes, sir." "Who have you lived with?" "Mr. Woodcock on the forest. One of your boys, Jack Clarke, brought me with him from Nottingham." "How came you to leave Mr. Woodcock?" "I had a sad fall from an iron-grey filly that almost killed me." "That's bad, indeed; and so you left him?" "*He turned me away, sir.*" "That's honest. I like your speaking the truth. So you are come from him to me?" At this question I cast my eyes down, and hesitated, then fearfully answered, "No, sir." "No! what, change masters twice in so short a time?" "I can't help it, sir, if I am turned away." This last answer made him smile. "Where are you now, then?" "Mr. Johnstone gave me leave to stay with the boys a few days." "That's a good sign. I suppose you mean little Mr. Johnstone at the other end of the town?" "Yes, sir." "Well, as you have been so short a time in the stables, I am not surprised he should turn you away; he would

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have everybody about him as clever as himself; they must all know their business thoroughly; however, they must learn it somewhere. I will venture to give you a trial, but I must first inquire your character of my good friends Woodcock and Johnstone. Come to-morrow morning at nine, and you shall have an answer." It may well be supposed I did not forget the appointment, and a fortunate one I found it, for I was accepted on trial, at four pounds or guineas a year, with the usual livery clothing.'

It was in the service of John Watson that Holcroft became a horseman, and the exercise of his skill, in his contest with a certain strapping dun horse, is very amusingly told:—

'It was John Watson's general practice to exercise his horses over the flat, and up Cow-bridge hill; but the rule was not invariable. One wintry day he ordered us up to the Bury hills. It mizzled a very sharp sleet; the wind became uncommonly cutting, and Dun, being remarkable for a tender skin, found the wind and sleet, which blew directly up his nostrils, so very pain-

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ful, that it suddenly made him outrageous. He started from the rank in which he was walking, tried to unseat me, endeavoured to set off at full speed, and when he found he could not master me so as to get head, began to rear, snorting most violently, threw out behind, plunged, and used every mischievous exertion of which the muscular powers of a blood-horse are capable. I, who felt the uneasiness he suffered before his violence began, being luckily prepared, sat firm and as steady and upright as if this had been his usual exercise. John Watson was riding beside his horses, and a groom, I believe it was old Cheevers, broke out into an exclamation, "By G—d, John, that's a fine lad!"—"Ay, ay," replied Watson, highly satisfied, "you will find some time or other there are few in Newmarket that will match him." It will not be amiss here to remark, that boys with straight legs, small calves, and knees that project but little, seldom become excellent riders. I, on the other hand, was somewhat bow-legged; I had then the custom of turning in my toes, and my knees were protuberant. I soon learned that the safe

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hold for sitting steady was to keep the knee and the calf of the leg strongly pressed against the side of the animal that endeavours to unhorse you; and, as little accidents afford frequent occasions to remind boys of this rule, it becomes so rooted in the memory of the intelligent, that their anger is comparatively trifling.'

Of the comparative good and bad temper of race-horses, the dramatist thus speaks:—

'The majority of them are playful, but their gambols are dangerous to the timid or unskilful. They are all easily and suddenly alarmed when anything they do not understand forcibly catches their attention; and they are then to be feared by the bad horseman, and carefully guarded against by the good. Very serious accidents have happened to the best. But, besides their general disposition to playfulness, there is a great propensity in them to become what the jockeys call vicious. Tom, the brother of Jack Clarke, after sweating a grey horse that belonged to Lord March, with whom he lived, while he was either scraping or dressing him, was seized by the animal by the shoulder, lifted from the ground and

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carried two or three hundred yards before the horse loosened his hold. Old Forester, a horse that belonged to Captain Vernon, all the while I remained at Newmarket was obliged to be kept apart, and to live at grass, where he was confined to a close paddock. Except Tom Watson, a younger brother of John, he would suffer no lad to come near him. If in his paddock, he would run furiously at the first person that approached; and if in the stable, would kick and assault every one within his reach. When I had been about a year and a half at Newmarket, Captain Vernon thought proper to match Forester against Elephant, a horse belonging to Sir Jennison Shafto, whom, by the bye, I saw ride this famous match. It was a four-mile heat over the straight course; and the abilities of Forester were such, that he passed the flat, ascended the hill as far as the distance post, nose to nose with Elephant, so that John Watson, who rode him, began to conceive hopes. Between this and the chair, Elephant, in consequence of hard whipping, got some little way before him, while Forester exerted every possible power to recover at least his

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lost equality; till finding all his efforts ineffectual, he made one sudden spring, and caught Elephant by the under jaw, which he gripped so violently as to hold him back; nor was it without the utmost difficulty that he could be forced to quit his hold. Poor Forester! he lost, but he lost most honourably. Every experienced groom thought it a most extraordinary circumstance.'

Of the stable discipline among the boys, Holcroft gives the following little specimen:—

'I remember to have been so punished once, with an ashen stick, for falling asleep in my horse's stall, that the blow, I concluded, was given by Tom Watson, as I thought no other boy in the stable could have made so large a wale; it reached from the knee to the instep, and was of the finger's breadth.'

We conclude our extracts from this amusing history of a stable-boy's progress, with something like a shot at the march of the present very refined times:—

'I ought to mention, that though I have spoken of *Mr.* Johnstone, and may do of

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more *Misters*, it is only because I have forgotten their Christian names; for, to the best of my recollection, when I was at Newmarket, it was the invariable practice to denominate each groom by his Christian and surname, unless any one happened to possess some peculiarities that marked him. I know not what appellations are given to grooms at Newmarket at the present day, but at the time I speak of, if any grooms had been called *Misters*, my master would have been among the number; and his appellation by everybody, except his own boys, who called him John, was John Watson.'

We have reason to believe there are no '*Johns*' among the Newmarket trainers of these times, though we much doubt the benefit of the change to Mister, and all the appliances to boot. If we mistake not, Sir Charles Bunbury's training-groom wore livery to the last. At all events, Newmarket jockeys and their Jennys were not then to be seen in an Opera-box, which we find is no uncommon occurrence now. 'A cow at the Opera' would have been considered equally in her element.

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Those who have only seen race-horses on a race-course would be surprised to witness what diminutive urchins ride many of them in their training, and the perfect command they obtain over them. In the neighbourhood of large racing establishments, the parents of poor children are glad to embrace an opportunity of putting them into the stables of a training-groom; knowing that they are certain to be well fed and taken care of, with a fair chance of rising in the world. But the question that would suggest itself is, how are the poor little fellows made equal to the task of riding so highly spirited an animal as the race-horse in a few weeks after they are put to the task? The fact is, that Tom or Jack is little more than a looker-on for the first month or so. He makes the other lads' beds, and performs sundry odd jobs; but then he has his eyes open (if he shows no signs of opening them, he is rejected in a twinkling), and he sees the other boys in their saddles, and observes the confidence with which they appear in them. After a certain time he is placed upon his master's hack, or a quiet pony, and becomes

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a spectator on the training-ground. So soon as he has the rudiments of hand and seat he is put on the quietest horse in the string—generally one that has been some time in training, and has been doing good work—who follows those that are before him, without attempting to swerve from the track, or to play any antic tricks. The head lad generally heads the gallop, being the best judge of pace, unless it be necessary to put him on some other horse which is difficult to ride, and not well calculated to lead. In that case he generally places himself second, so that he may instruct the boy before him; but all this takes place under the watchful eye of the trainer.

Order is the beauty and strength of society; and neither in school nor university is regularity of conduct more strictly enforced than in a training establishment. In fact, the soldier might as well absent himself from roll-call, or the sailor from his watch, as the stable-boy from the hour of stable. 'Woe to him,' says Holcroft, 'who is absent from stable hours.' In the morning, however, he is sure to be there; for, in most cases, the horse he looks after

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reposes in the same chamber as himself. This is on a principle of prudence rather than of economy: horses in high condition are given to roll in the night, and get cast in their stalls, and here assistance is at hand; as, by the means of stirrup-leathers buckled together, they are extricated from their awkward situation by the joint efforts of the boys. We have been told that an interesting scene takes place on the wakening of the boys in the morning. The event is anxiously looked for by the horses, who, when they hear them awaken each other, neigh and denote their eagerness to be fed, which is the first step taken. The second is a proper arrangement of their beds, and then dressing and exercise. When they return home the horses are well dressed again; the boys break their fast; and Holcroft spoke from experience when he said, '*Nothing can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast.*'

Considering the prodigious number of race-horses in training, and that each horse has its lad, it is astonishing that more accidents do not occur. As we have before observed, almost all race-horses are playful;

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and 'horse play is rough.' But we do not wonder at their becoming vicious :—highly bred as they are, hot in blood, and their tender and nearly hairless skins irritated by a coarse brush, and, after sweating, scraped with rather a sharp wooden instrument,—that, we repeat, is no wonder. Nevertheless, it seldom happens that they hurt the boys who look after them. Indeed, it is an interesting sight to witness a little urchin of a stable-boy approach, with perfect safety to himself, an animal that would perhaps be the death of the strongest man in the land who might be rash enough to place himself within his reach. To what shall we attribute this passive obedience of an animal of such vast power and proud spirit to a diminutive member of the creation—an abortion of nature, indeed, as we might be almost induced to call him—whether to self-interest or to gratitude, to love or to fear, or to that unspeakable magic power which the Almighty has given to the eye and voice of even the child of man?

Precocity of intellect in a stunted frame is the grand desideratum in a Newmarket nursery, where chubby cheeks and the 'fine

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boy for his age' would be reckoned deformities. There are some good specimens of the pigmy breed now at Newmarket; John Day, for instance, has produced a facsimile of himself, cast in the exact mould for the saddle, and who can ride about four stone. These feather-weights are absolutely necessary where two-year colts are brought to the post, and they sometimes ride a winning race; though if *it comes to a struggle*, as the term is, they are almost certain to be defeated by the experienced jockey. But, speaking seriously, it is a great blessing to the rider of races to be of a diminutive size, to prevent the hardship and inconvenience of wasting—a most severe tax on the constitution and temper. On this subject the following memorandum of some questions addressed by Sir John Sinclair to the late Mr. Sandiver, an eminent surgeon, long resident at Newmarket, and a pretty constant spectator of the races, with Mr. S.'s answers, may amuse our readers:—

'How long does the training of jockeys generally continue?—With those in high repute, from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October; but a week

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or ten days are quite sufficient for a rider to reduce himself from his natural weight to sometimes a stone and a half below it. What food do they live on?—For breakfast, a small piece of bread and butter, with tea in moderation. Dinner is taken very sparingly; a very small piece of pudding and less meat; and when fish is to be obtained, neither one nor the other is allowed. Wine and water is the usual beverage, in the proportion of one pint to two of water. Tea in the afternoon, with little or no bread and butter, and no supper. What exercise do they get, and what hours of rest?—After breakfast, having sufficiently loaded themselves with clothes, that is, with five or six waistcoats, two coats, and as many pairs of breeches, a severe walk is taken, from ten to fifteen miles. After their return home, dry clothes are substituted for those that are wet with perspiration, and, if much fatigued, some of them lie down for an hour or so before their dinner; after which no severe exercise is taken, but the remaining part of the day is spent in a way most agreeable to themselves. They generally go to bed by

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nine o'clock, and continue there till six or seven next morning. What medicine do they take?—Some of them, who do not like excessive walking, have recourse to purgative medicines, Glauber salts only. Would Mr. Sandiver recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in other persons?—Mr. Sandiver would recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in either sex, as the constitution does not appear to be injured by it; but he is apprehensive that hardly any person could be prevailed upon to submit to such severe discipline who had not been inured to it from his youth. The only additional information that Mr. Sandiver has the power to communicate is, that John Arnull, when rider to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was desired to reduce himself as much as he possibly could, to enable him to ride a particular horse, in consequence of which he abstained from animal, and even from farinaceous food, for eight successive days, and the only substitute was now and then an apple. He was not injured by it. Dennis Fitzpatrick, a person continually employed as a rider, declares that he is less fatigued,

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and has more strength to contend with a determined horse in a severe race, when moderately reduced, than when allowed to live as he pleased, although he never weighs more than nine stone, and has frequently reduced himself to seven.'[1]

The present system of wasting varies from the one here described, and particularly as to the length of the walk, which appears to have been unnecessarily severe. The modern Newmarket jockey seldom exceeds four miles out, and then he has a house to stop at in which there is a large fire, by which the perspiration is very much increased. Indeed, it sometimes becomes so excessive, that he may be seen scraping it off the uncovered parts of his person after the manner in which the race-horse is scraped, using a small horn for the purpose. After sitting a while by the fire and drinking some diluted liquid, he walks back to Newmarket, swinging his arms as he proceeds, which increases the muscular action. Sufficiently cool to strip, his body is rubbed dry and fresh clothed, when,

[1] Arnull died at the age of 62; Fitzpatrick at 42, from a cold taken in wasting.

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besides the reduction of his weight, the effect is visible on his skin, which has a remarkably transparent hue. In fact, he may be said to show condition after every sweat, till he looks as sleek as the horse he is going to ride. But the most mortifying attendant upon wasting is the rapid accumulation of flesh immediately on a relaxation of the system, it having often happened that jockeys, weighing not more than seven stone, have gained as many pounds in one day, from merely obeying the common dictates of nature, committing no excess. *Non miserè vivit qui parcè vivit*[1] is an acknowledged truism; but during the racing season, a jockey in high practice, who—as is the case with Chifney, Robinson, Dockery, and Scott—is naturally above our light racing weights, is subject to no trifling mortification. Like the good Catholic, however, when Lent expires, he feels himself at liberty when the racing season is at an end; and on the last day of the Houghton Meeting, Frank Buckle had always a *goose for supper*! his labours for the season being then concluded. But it will naturally

[1] He does not live unhappily who lives sparingly.

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be asked how these persons employ or amuse themselves during the dead months, of which there are five. At Newmarket, we believe, just as they did in Holcroft's time, in visiting their friends, coursing, and cock-fighting—the latter a favourite amusement,—but with no species of gambling, beyond a few shillings on the event of a course or a battle. A few also take the diversion of hunting, or any other outdoor amusement that keeps the body in play. Most of them have neat and well-furnished houses, and appear to enjoy the comforts of life.

Among the conspicuous characters on the English turf of past and present days it is hard to say who stands foremost, but we suppose we must give the *pas* to the Duke of Cumberland, great uncle to his present majesty, as the breeder, and to Mr. O'Kelly, as the fortunate possessor of Eclipse, and other horses whose character and fame have never yet been eclipsed. It will also be remembered that the duke bred Marsk, the sire of Eclipse; and Herod, who not only, like Eclipse, beat every horse that could be brought against him, at four, five, and six

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years old, but transmitted a more numerous and better stock to posterity than any other horse ever did before, or has ever done since—amongst others, Highflyer. From the death of Charles II. till the period of the duke's coming upon the turf, racing had languished, perhaps from want of more support from the crown and the higher aristocracy, and his royal highness was the man to revive it.

'But,' as has been observed, 'this was not effected without an immensity of expense, and an incredible succession of losses to the sharks, Greeks, and blacklegs of that time, by whom his royal highness was surrounded, and, of course, incessantly pillaged. Having, however, in the greatness of his mind, the military maxim of "persevere and conquer," he was not deterred from the object of his pursuit, till, having just become possessed of the best stock, best blood, and most numerous stud in the kingdom, beating his opponents at all points, he suddenly "passed that bourne from whence no traveller returns," an irreparable loss to the turf, and universally lamented by the kingdom at large.'

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One of the heaviest matches of former or of present days was run at Newmarket, in 1764, between his royal highness's famous horse, *King* Herod, as he was then called, and the late Duke of Grafton's Antinous, by Blank, over the Beacon course, for one thousand pounds a side, and won by Herod by half a neck. Upwards of one hundred thousand pounds were depending on this event, and the interest created by it was immense. His royal highness was likewise the founder of the Ascot race meeting, now allowed to be only second to Newmarket.

In point of judgment in racing, Mr. O'Kelly was undoubtedly the first man of his day; although, were he to appear at the present time, it is admitted that he would have a good deal to learn. For example, his suffering Eclipse to distance his competitors, in a race for a bet, would be considered the act of a novice. As a breeder, however, he became unequalled; and from the blood of his Volunteer and Dungannon, in particular, the turf derived signal advantage. Both were got by Eclipse, who was the sire of no less than one hundred and sixty winners, many of them the best

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racers of their day, such as Alexander and Meteor (the latter pre-eminent), Pot-8-o's, Soldier, Saltram, Mercury, Young Eclipse, etc. In 1793, Mr. O'Kelly advertised no less than forty-six in-foal mares for sale, chiefly by Volunteer and Dungannon, Eclipse being then dead, which fetched great prices, and were particularly sought after by his late majesty, then deeply engaged on the turf. It is confidently asserted, that O'Kelly cleared ten thousand pounds by the dam of Soldier, from her produce by Eclipse and Dungannon; and his other mares, of which he had often fifty and upwards in his possession, were the source of immense gain.

As a breeder coeval with the royal duke and O'Kelly, the late Earl Grosvenor stands conspicuous. Indeed, we believe his lordship's stud for many years of his life was unrivalled in Europe; but such are the expenses of a large breeding establishment, that although he was known to have won nearly two hundred thousand pounds on the race-course, the balance was said to be against him at the last! Earl Grosvenor, however, was a great ornament to the English turf;

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he ran his horses honestly and truly, and supported the country races largely. His three famous stud-horses were John Bull, Alexander, and Meteor, the latter by Eclipse, and the two former perhaps the largest and the noblest thorough-bred horses ever seen in England, and the sires of many good ones; but his two best racers were Meteora, not fifteen hands high, and Violante; the latter the best four-miler of her day.[1] The earl was the first patron of Stubbs, the horse-painter, whose pencil may be said to have founded a new branch of the art in this country, on which the painters of the present day have improved, adhering more closely to nature than their exemplar. The late Duke of Bedford was likewise a great patron of the turf previously to his taking to farming, and had more than thirty horses in training at one time. Among these was Grey Diomed, remarkable for his races with Escape and Traveller at Newmarket; also Skyscraper, Fidget, and Dragon.[2] His

[1] Francis Buckle always insisted on John Bull having been the best horse, and Violante the best mare he ever rode over a course.

[2] The grandfather of Mr. Stevens, the trainer, late of Bourton-on-the-Hill, but now of Ilsley, Berk-

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grace was a great loser, and probably retired in disgust. Charles Fox was also deep in the mysteries of the turf, and a very heavy bettor. The father of the present Prince (the trainer) trained for him, and South and Chifney were his jockeys; but the distemper in his stables ruined his stud. These were also the days of the then Dukes of Kingston, Cleveland, Ancaster, Bridgewater, and Northumberland; Lords Rockingham, Bolingbroke, Chedworth, Barrymore, Ossory, Abingdon, and Foley; Messrs. Shafto, Wentworth, Panton, Smith Barry, Ralph Dutton, Wildman, Meynell, Bullock, and others, who were running their thousand-guinea matches, and five hundred-guinea sweepstakes, most of them over the Beacon course, and with the finest horses perhaps the world ever saw; and also, considering the difference in the value of money, for nearly as large stakes as those of present times, a few only excepted.

Another of the noted turf characters of those days was the Honourable Richard

shire, — where, perhaps, is the best ground in England for the purpose,—trained those celebrated horses.

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Vernon, commonly called Dick Vernon, owner of the famous horse Woodpecker, with whom he won the Craven Stakes no less than three times. He was an excellent judge of racing, backed his horses freely, and was the best bettor of his day, as may be inferred from the following page of Holcroft's *Memoirs*:—

'In addition to matches, plates, and other modes of adventure, that of a *sweepstakes* had come into vogue; and the opportunity it gave to deep calculators to secure themselves from loss by *hedging* their bets, greatly multiplied the bettors, and gave uncommon animation to the sweepstakes mode. In one of these Captain Vernon had entered a colt, and as the prize to be obtained was great, the whole stable was on the alert. It was prophesied that the race would be a severe one; for, although the horses had none of them run before, they were all of the highest breed; that is, their sires and dams were in the first lists of fame. As was foreseen, the contest was indeed a severe one, for it could not be decided—*it was a dead heat*; but our colt was by no means among the

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first. Yet so adroit was Captain Vernon in hedging his bets, that if one of the two colts that made it a dead heat had beaten, our master would, on that occasion, have won ten thousand pounds: as it was, he lost nothing, nor would in any case have lost anything. In the language of the turf, *he stood ten thousand pounds to nothing!* A fact so extraordinary to ignorance, and so splendid to poverty,' continues Holcroft, 'could not pass through a mind like mine without making a strong impression, which the tales told by the boys of the sudden rise of gamblers, their empty pockets at night, and their hats full of guineas in the morning, only tended to increase.'

And in truth it was not without effect; for poor Holcroft began betting next morning, and before the week ended half of his year's wages were gone! Another staunch hero of the turf was the late Earl of Clermont, the breeder of Trumpator, from whom were descended all the *ators* of after days, viz., Paynator, Venator, Spoliator, Drumator, Ploughator, Amator, Pacificator, etc.; besides which he was the sire of Sorcerer, Penelope, Tuneful, Chippenham,

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Orangeflower, his late majesty's famous gelding Rebel, and several other first-rates. Lord Clermont also was a great contributor to the turf by bringing with him from Ireland the famous jockey, Dennis Fitzpatrick, son of one of his tenants. We have his lordship, indeed, before us this moment, on his pony on the heath, and his string of long-tailed race-horses, reminding us of very early days.

The late Sir Charles Bunbury's ardour for the turf was conspicuous to his last hour. He was the only man that ever won the Derby and Oaks with the same horse,[1] and he was the breeder of many of the first racers of his time—Smolensko among them. When this very celebrated horse started for the Derby—which he won—his owner led him in his hand, after he was saddled, and delivered him up to his jockey (Goodison), with the following pithy remark: 'Here is your horse, Tom; he will do *his* duty, if you will do *yours*!' Sir Charles was likewise very instrumental in doing away with the four-mile races at Newmarket, and substituting shorter ones in their stead.

[1] The celebrated Eleanor, in 1801.

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Some imputed this to the worthy baronet's humanity, whilst others, more correctly we believe, were of opinion that short races better suited his favourite blood. The Whiskeys and Sorcerers, for example, have been more celebrated for speed than for stoutness, although, where the produce from them has been crossed with some of our stout blood (for instance, Truffle and Bourbon), they have been found to run on. On the whole, Sir Charles, latterly, with the exception of Muley, had got into a soft sort. He was also a bad keeper of his young stock, and would not be beaten out of his old prejudices in favour of grass and large paddocks. Had some persons we could name been possessed of his stud—imperfect, perhaps, as it might have been as far as the real object of breeding horses is at stake—they would have won everything before them at the present distances and weights. His much-talked-of, and justly celebrated, Smolensko died rather early in life, and his stock, with a few exceptions, did not realise the hopes and expectation of the sporting world.

The name and exploits of the late Duke

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of Queensberry ('Old Q.') will never be forgotten by the sporting world; for whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success, he was one of the most distinguished characters on the English turf. His horse Dash, by Florizel, bred by Mr. Vernon, beat Sir Peter Teazle over the six-mile course at Newmarket for one thousand guineas, having refused five hundred forfeit;[1] also his late majesty's Don Quixote, the same distance and for the same sum; and, during the year 1789, he won two other one thousand-guinea matches, the last against Lord Barrymore's Highlander, eight stone seven pounds each, *three times round* '*the round course*,' or very nearly twelve miles! His carriage match, nineteen miles in one hour, with the same horses, and those four of the highest bred ones of the day, was undoubtedly a great undertaking, nor do we believe it has ever been exceeded. His singular bet of conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, was a trait of *genius* in its line. The MS. being enclosed in a cricket ball, and handed

[1] Dash carried six stone seven pounds, Sir Peter nine stone.

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from one to the other of twenty-four expert cricketers, was delivered safe *within the time*. The duke's stud was not so numerous as some of those of his contemporaries on the turf, but he prided himself on the excellence of it. His principal rider was the famous Dick Goodison, father of the present jockey, in whose judgment he had much reliance. But, in the language of the turf, his grace was 'wide awake,' and at times would rely on no one. Having, on one occasion, reason to know—the jockey, indeed, had honestly informed him of it—that a large sum of money was offered his man if he would lose—'Take it,' said the duke; 'I will bear you harmless.' When the horse came to the post, his grace coolly observed, 'This is a nice horse to ride; I think I 'll ride him myself'; when, throwing open his greatcoat, he was found to be in racing attire, and, mounting, won without a struggle.

The name of Wilson commands great respect on the turf, there being no less than three equally conspicuous and equally honourable sportsmen thus yclept. Mr. Christopher Wilson, now the father of the

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turf, and perpetual steward of Newmarket, resides at Beilby Grange near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, where he has a small but very fashionably bred stud, and was the owner of Chateau Margaux, now in America, and Comus. He is the only man who claims the honour of winning the Derby and St. Leger stakes the same year, *with the same horse*, which he did with Champion, by Pot-8-o's, ridden in each race by Francis Buckle.[1] The turf is highly indebted to this gentleman, not only for his paternal care of its general interests and welfare, but for having, by his amiable and conciliatory manners and conduct, united the sportsmen of the north and south, and divested their matches and engagements of some disagreeable features which had previously been too prominent. Mr. Richard Wilson, now no more, resided at Bildeston, in Suffolk, and was one of the largest breeders of racing stock, of which he had an annual sale; and Lord Berners, late Colonel Wilson of Didlington, near Brandon, Suffolk, has likewise some capital mares,

[1] It is remarkable that both Champion and Hambletonian had a hip down.

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and bred Sir Mark Wood's Camarine, the best mare of her day. His lordship was the owner of her sire, Juniper, now dead, and at present has the stud-horse Lamplighter.

The star of the race-course of modern times was the late Colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i.e.* make matches) with him, nor could any one excel him in handicapping horses in a race. But, indeed, '*nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*' He beat Lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot race over Newmarket heath. He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman. But, as his friends said of him, not content with being the *second-best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of

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hue—his neat white hat, white trousers, white silk stockings, ay, and we may add, his white, but handsome, face. There was nothing black about him but his hair and his mustachios, which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to *him* were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race-course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him, nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful *white* horses, with two outriders on matches to them, ridden in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thoroughbred hack, and at the rubbing-post on the heath was another groom—all in crimson liveries—waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight race-horses in training; seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we had heard that he would play to the extent of forty thousand pounds at a

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sitting—yes, *he once staked that sum on a throw*—we were not surprised that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. 'The bowl of pleasure,' said Johnson, 'is poisoned by reflection on the cost'; and here it was drunk to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his lady, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish was not without consolation;—he never wronged any one but himself, and, as an owner of race-horses and a bettor, his character was without spot.

Among other leading sportsmen of the turf, now no more, were the late Duke of Grafton, and Douglass, Duke of Hamilton. The Duke of Grafton was a keen sportsman, and an excellent judge of racing; and his horses having been well and honestly ridden by South, he was among the few great winners amongst great men. It is somewhat singular that the success of the

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Grafton stud may be traced to one mare, and therefore the history of her is worth relating. In 1756, Julia, by Blank, was bred by Mr. Panton, of great Newmarket fame (her pedigree running back not only to Bay Bolton, Darley's Arabian, and the Byerly Turk, but beyond the Lord Protector's White Turk, generally the *ne plus ultra* of pedigrees, to the Taffolet Barb, and the Natural Barb mare), and at seven years old was put into the Duke's stud, and produced Promise, by Snap, Promise produced Prunella, by Highflyer, the dam of eleven first-rate horses, whose names (after the manner of fox-hounds) all begin with the letter P, the first letter of the mare's name, and she is said to have realised to the Grafton family little short of one hundred thousand pounds. In fact, all breeders of race-horses try for a strain of the justly celebrated Prunella. The all-graceful Hamilton (often called 'Zeluco') was equally conspicuous in the North, and celebrated for stout blood. He won the St. Leger no less than seven times, a circumstance quite unparalleled on the turf: and ran first for it the eighth, but the

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stakes were given to Lord Fitzwilliam, his grace's rider having jostled.

Coming nearer to our own times, Sir Harry Vane Tempest and Mr. Robert Heathcote made great appearances with their studs, as well as the heavy engagements they entered into; and such horses as Schedoni, the property of the latter, and Hambletonian, Rolla, and Cockfighter, of the former, are very seldom produced. Vivaldi, by Woodpecker, also the property of Mr. Heathcote, was the sire of more good hunters than almost any other in England, and the very mention of their being 'by Vivaldi,' sold them. Hambletonian was one of the meteors of the day. Sir Frank Standish, and his Yellow mare—the breeder of Stamford, Eagle, Didelot, Parisot, and Archduke, all Derby and Oaks winners, except Stamford, one of the best of our stud-horses—must not be passed unnoticed, not only as a sportsman, but as the true stamp of an English country gentleman. Sir Ferdinand Poole also cut a great figure on the turf with his Waxy, Worthy, Wowski, etc.; and could some of our present breeders of race-horses have

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now before their eyes Maria, by Herod, out of Lisette by Snap, and Macaria, by Herod, out of Titania by Shakespeare, the one the dam of Waxy, and the other of Mealy, we have reason to believe that they would turn away from many of their own mares in disgust. His contemporary, Mr. Howorth, was likewise strong in horses, and an excellent judge of making a book on a race. But Mr. Bullock, generally known as 'Tom Bullock,' was, we believe, more awake than any of them, and was often heard to declare, that he should wish for nothing more in this world than *to be taken for a fool at Newmarket.*

We find the Prince of Wales (George IV.), in 1788, when only in his twenty-sixth year, a winner of the Derby. In 1789 he accompanied the Duke of York to York races, where he purchased his famous horse, Traveller, by Highflyer, which ran the grand match against the late Duke of Bedford's Grey Diomed, on which it is supposed there was more money depending than was ever before known, or has ever been heard of since. But it was in the years 1790 and 1791 that his late majesty's

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stud was so conspicuous—the days of Baronet and Escape; the former notorious for winning the Ascot Oatlands, beating eighteen picked horses of England, with twenty to one against him; and the latter for his various races against Grey Diomed, which caused his royal owner's retirement from Newmarket. This is now an old story; and though we should be among the first to say—

> 'Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue
> That dares not e'en to kings avow the truth,'

yet we think the Jockey Club dealt rather hardly by the young prince, and he was quite right in refusing their invitation to return. We wish for proof before we condemn; and we think proof was wanting here. Where were the orders to the jockey to lose, and where was the money won by losing? We can hear of neither. But if the change to a certain extent in a horse's running (accounted for by the late Samuel Chifney,[1] by the treatment of Escape) is of itself enough to damage the character of

[1] In his book *Genius Genuine*, published in 1804; 'Sold for the Author, 232 Piccadilly and nowhere else,' as saith the title-page. Priee 5*l.*!

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his owner, what would have become of that of his royal highness's principal accuser, the late Sir Charles Bunbury? Look at the running of his Eleanor: it is well known she was the winner of both Derby and Oaks—the best mare of her day. Well! at Huntingdon she was beaten by a common plater, a mare called Two Shoes, *ten to one on Eleanor.* The next week at Egham, she beat a first-rate race-horse, Bobadil, and several others, *ten to one on Bobadil.* In both these cases money was lost, and the question that follows is,—who won it? But Sir Charles too is in his grave, and therefore we say—'*requiescat in pace.*'

After quitting Newmarket, his late majesty was a great supporter of country races, sending such horses as Knowsley, by Sir Peter, and others nearly as good, to run heats for plates; and he particularly patronised the meetings of Brighton and Lewes, which acquired high repute. But Bibury was his favourite race-ground; where, divesting himself of the shackles of state, he appeared as a private gentleman for several years in succession, an inmate of Lord Sherborne's family, and with the

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Duke of Dorset, then Lord Sackville, for his jockey. During the last ten years of his majesty's life, racing appeared to interest him more than it had ever done before; and by the encouragement he then gave to Ascot and Goodwood, he contributed towards making them the most fashionable, and by far the most agreeable meetings—we believe we may say—in the world. Perhaps the day on which his three favourite horses, Fleur-de-lis, Zinganee, and the Colonel, came in first, second, and third, for the cup at the latter place, was one of the proudest of his life.

The stud of George IV., however, was not altogether so successful as it ought to have been from the great expense bestowed upon it, and the large prices given for race-horses bred by other sportsmen. Among those of his own breeding perhaps Whiskey, Manfred, and his favourite mare Maria were the best. The latter was a great winner—yet made but small amends for persevering in breeding from her sire. The Colonel and Fleur-de-lis were also great winners—the latter decidedly the best mare of her year, either in the north or in the south,

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and her symmetry not to be excelled. The two last were purchased at very high prices, and now form part of the royal stud, as also does Maria. The history of this mare is worth notice. When, from prudential motives, the royal stud at Hampton Court was broken up, Waterloo and Belvoirina, still in the stud, were the only two kept, and their produce was the said Maria. Miss Wasp, the dam of Vespa, a winner of the Oaks, was likewise bred by George IV.

In his majesty's long career on the turf, he of course had several trainers and as many jockeys. Among the latter were the late celebrated Samuel Chifney, and South, who rode his horses at Newmarket, and, afterwards, Richard Goodison and Robinson. Latterly, however, he imported one from the north, the well-known George Nelson, who gave him unbounded satisfaction. His trainers were Neale and Casborne in former days; but latterly William Edwards, of Newmarket, who enjoys a pension for life, and the use of the royal stables. The last time George IV. was at Ascot was in 1829, but he lived to hear of the next year's meeting. He was

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on the bed of death; and so strong was the 'ruling passion' in this awful hour—and his majesty was well aware his hour was come—that an express was sent to him *after every race.*

The late Duke of York was equally devoted to the turf: and, in 1816, we find his royal highness a winner of the Derby, with Prince Leopold, and, in 1822, with Moses; the former bred by Lord Durham, the latter by himself. His racing career may be said to have commenced at Ascot, where he established the Oatland stakes, which at one period were more than equal in value to the Derby, being a hundred-guinea subscription. Indeed, we have reason to believe, that when they were won by his late majesty's Baronet—beating eighteen of the picked horses in England, his own Escape amongst the lot—there was more money depending than had ever been before, excepting on two occasions. His majesty won seventeen thousand pounds by the race, and would have won still more had Escape been the winner. We wish we could add to this trifling sketch a long list of his royal highness's winnings; but the Duke

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of York was on the turf what the Duke of York was everywhere—good-humoured, unsuspecting, and confiding; qualifications, however creditable to human nature, ill fitted for a race-course. It is therefore scarcely necessary to say, that his royal highness was no winner by his horses, nor indeed by anything else; and we much fear that his heavy speculations on the turf were among the chief causes of those pecuniary embarrassments which disturbed the latter years of one against whose high and chivalrous feelings of honour and integrity no human creature that knew anything of him ever breathed a whisper. In 1825, we find the duke with sixteen horses to his name. and with the exception of two, *a most sorry lot*; but, previously to that period, he had incurred severe loss by persevering in breeding from Aladdin and Giles. The stud usually ran in Mr. Greville's name; were trained by Butler, of Newmarket, now deceased; and chiefly ridden by Goodison, who did the best he could for them.

The late Earl of Fitzwilliam was distinguished by the princely way in which he conducted his stud, and the magnificence

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of his retinue on the race-course. His lordship was likewise the breeder of some eminent racers, amongst which were the justly famous Orville — an incalculable treasure to the British turf—and Mulatto, who beat Memnon, Fleur-de-lis, Bedlamite, Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger in 1826, Non-plus, Fanny Davis, Starch, Longwaist—in fact, all the best horses in the north,—and ran second to Tarrare for the St. Leger. Earl Fitzwilliam never sent his horses south, but was a great supporter of York and Doncaster, and won the Fitzwilliam stakes at the latter place in 1826 with the horse we have just been speaking of. He was got by Cattan, also bred by his lordship, out of Desdemona by Orville—all his own blood—grandam Fanny by Highflyer. The stud is now broken up.

The late venerable Earl of Derby was all his life a warm supporter of racing. Next, perhaps, to Eclipse and Herod, no horse that has ever appeared has been equal to Sir Peter Teazle as a stud horse,—we believe he produced more winners than any other on record. In him were united the best blood which this country can boast

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of,—King Herod, Blank, Snap, Regulus, and the Godolphin Arabian. As, however, the sun is not without its spots, Sir Peter was not without a blemish. His own legs gave way at four years old, and those of his produce were not, on an average, good; notwithstanding which, as we before stated, their winnings are without a parallel, barring those from the stock of the unparalleled Eclipse. The following anecdote is, we believe, authentic. Doctor Brandreth, the family physician at Knowsley, was commissioned by the then American consul to offer Lord Derby seven thousand guineas for Sir Peter Teazle, which his lordship refused, having, as he said, already refused ten: he certainly would have been a loser, had he accepted the offer. The present earl cared little for racing; but Lord Stanley is likely to do credit to the blood of Sir Peter, as well as to the name he bears.

The present Duke of Dorset, when Lord Sackville, not only showed himself an admirable judge of a race-horse, but few jockeys by profession could ride one better; and, indeed, at one period of his life, few of them were in much greater practice.

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His grace was always cautious in his engagements, but from his perfect knowledge of his horses, generally placed them winners. In the days of Expectation, Lucan, and others, he won all before him; but mark the change of the times! Looking into the *Calendar* for 1800, we find Expectation by Sir Peter, out of Zilia by Eclipse, running four miles at Lewes, and beating two very stout mares:—for what! Why, for the sum of sixty guineas, which could not pay the expenses! But then another of his horses, and a good one too (Laborie by Delpini), wins a fifty-pound plate the same year at Winchester; *the best of three four-mile heats*! Were the Duke of Dorset on the turf now, he would have something better to do with such horses as Expectation and Laborie!

The present Duke of Grafton has been a great winner, having inherited, with his domains, the virtues of old Prunella, but owes some of his success to his late brother, Lord Henry Fitzroy, whose judgment in racing was equal to any man's. With the assistance then of Lord Henry, the training of Robson, and the good riding of the late Frank Buckle, John Day, William Clift,

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and others, his grace has done very well, although, since the retirement of Robson, the honours of the turf have not poured in so thickly upon him. The duke, however, has no reason to complain, having won the Derby stakes four times, and the Oaks eight; and, as Buckle said of himself, 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' for a few years in succession. Indeed, unless we have made a mistake in our figures, his grace pocketed the comfortable sum of thirteen thousand pounds in the year 1825, from public stakes alone! But we must do the Duke of Grafton the justice to say, that in his stable he has marched with the times, *his horses having been always forward in their work*, the grand desideratum in a training-stable. His grace also deserves success, for he is a nobleman of high character on the turf, and, unlike too many owners of race-horses whom we could name, *always* runs to win. The Duke of Grafton's stable is, in consequence, heavily backed, when it brings out good horses for any of the great stakes; and we are happy to add it is at present in good force, having eight or nine two-year olds in training at New-

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market, instead of selling them, as has been the case the last four or five years.

The Duke of Portland has been a steady and ever honourable patron of the English turf; but his stud is now small. In fact, since winning the Derby with Tiresias, in 1819, the tide of fortune appears to have turned against his stable, and he has not done much. His grace has, however, lately shown himself a zealous advocate for preserving the strength, stoutness, and vigour of the English race-horse, which it is feared has been on the decline, by the munificent donation of three hundred pounds to a one hundred guineas handicap-stakes, at Newmarket, now called the 'Portland Handicap'; distance, *the last three miles of the Beacon course.* His Grace of Rutland has become slack, nor, indeed, has his stable brought out more than five horses the last two years. He won the Derby with Cadland (whom he bred), after a dead heat with the Colonel—a circumstance previously unknown for that great race—and the Oaks with Sorcery and Medora. On the other hand, the Duke of Cleveland's passion for the turf appears to grow with his years, his

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grace having been the best buyer of the present century. He gave three thousand five hundred guineas for Trustee and Liverpool, and but a few years back, no less than twelve thousand pounds for four horses, namely, Swiss, Serab, Barefoot, and Memnon, the two last winners of the St. Leger for Mr. Watt. The Duke of Cleveland never won the St. Leger till 1831, with Chorister, nor was he ever winner of either of the great Epsom stakes; but in the days of Agonistes and Haphazard his stable was the terror of the north, and his grace was a great winner of cups, though he afterwards flew at higher game. His match with Pavilion, against Colonel Mellish's Sancho, at Newmarket, in 1806, was one of the greatest races of modern days, as to the extent of betting; and immense sums were lost on Agonistes, when he was beat by Champion, for the St. Leger, in 1800. His grace has had good horses in his stable of late years; among them Trustee, and Emancipation by Whisker, who had the honour of receiving forfeit from Priam, receiving nine pounds: likewise Muley Moloch, the winner of the York Derby

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stakes at the Spring Meeting, 1832; and Liverpool, of the gold cup. The duke is one of the heaviest bettors on the turf; and few men know more of racing, or indeed of anything relating to the sports of the turf or field.[1] The Duke of Richmond has been one of the most zealous supporters of the turf, having expended a very large sum on the racecourse at Goodwood, now the first country meeting in England, after Epsom, Ascot, and Doncaster. His grace has been a considerable winner, but his stud is greatly diminished. He won the Oaks, with Gulnare, in 1827, and has had quite his share of success, being remarkable for very seldom bringing out a bad racer.

The Lord of Exeter stands first of the Marquises on the turf. His lordship has been a *great* winner, having carried the Oaks with Augusta, Green Mantle, and Galata, and many of the good things at Newmarket and elsewhere; but, somewhat extraordinary, he has never been a winner of the Derby. He breeds much from the famous stud-horse, Sultan, his own property,

[1] His grace has a capital two-year-old this year in his stable—by Voltaire out of Matilda.

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whose price, to others, is fifty guineas each mare. The Marquis of Westminster, although *very well bred for it*, never signalised himself on the turf, and has therefore wisely withdrawn from Newmarket, confining his stud, a very small one, to the provincial meetings in his own immediate neighbourhood, where it is quite right for great lords to make the agreeable. We believe that the last time he was at headquarters was to see his horse Navarino *win* the great two thousand-guinea stakes! His lordship, however, has shone forth, a bright star at the eleventh hour, with his famous horse Touchstone, having challenged all England with him after winning the Doncaster St. Leger. The Marquis of Conyngham is a sportsman, and was used to back his horses freely, as did the Marquis of Sligo, one of the best breeders of them; but as his lordship belongs to the sister kingdom, for the honour of old England, we presume, he was not often allowed to win. He, however, has had the distinction of being second for the St. Leger twice; namely, with Canteen when Jerry won it, and with Bran in Touchstone's year.

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Neither can much be said of the prowess of the most noble Marquises of Tavistock and Worcester (now Duke of Beaufort), who, though good and honourable men, will never increase their patrimony by racing. In short, since the Duke of Cleveland has quitted their ranks, our sporting marquises, with the exception of Lord Exeter, do not shine on the racecourse.

But we cannot say this of the noble earls, amongst whom are some of the best judges of racing of past or present days. We will begin with the Earl of Egremont; and not only by the rule of *seniores priores*, but looking upon him as one of the main contributors to the *legitimate* end of racing—*the improvement of the breed of horses*—his lordship having always paid regard to what is termed stout, or *honest*, blood. Lord Egremont bred Gohanna, by Mercury, by Eclipse, and purchased Whalebone from the Duke of Grafton (the old Prunella sort), whose stock have been invaluable to the turf, and will continue to be so for many years to come, although objections are made to their size—made amends for, in great measure, by their symmetry. His

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lordship has lil ewise turned the amusement —and such has been his main object in the pursuit of it—to an excellent account, in the liberal act of affording to his tenantry and neighbours the free benefit of several of his stud-horses. Among these have been two very fine animals, Octavius and Wanderer, the latter not inaptly named, as for many years of his life he was never known to lie down, but was generally in action in his box. He was a noble specimen of the horse, and one of the best bred ones in the world for all the purposes for which horses of speed and strength are wanted, being by Gohanna, out of a sister to Colibri, by Woodpecker, esteemed our stoutest blood. The earl is likewise the breeder of honest Chateau Margaux and Camel, ornaments to the British turf, and sons of good little Whalebone. Lord Egremont won the Derby three times in four years; twice with sons of Gohanna, and subsequently with Lapdog by Whalebone. He has also been three times the winner of the Oaks with fillies from his own stud. But all this success is not to be placed to his lordship's own account;

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he received great assistance in all his racing speculations from his late brother, the Honourable Charles Wyndham, since whose decease the stable has not been so successful.

The late Earl of Burlington (Lord George Cavendish) was of great repute on Newmarket heath as a good breeder of race-horses, a very high bettor, and we need not add, a most honourable man. His lordship, no doubt, had his fancies in his betting, which of course he now and then paid for. When he did 'fancy his horse,' as the turf-phrase is, he would risk an immense sum upon him, not far short, we have heard, of ten thousand pounds!

The late Earl of Stradbroke was one of the keenest and best sportsmen at Newmarket, and owner of a large stud. Amongst the number, was the celebrated mare Persepolis, the dam of thirteen good racers; amongst which were Araxes, Tigris, Indus, Euphrates, Phasis, and Cydnus, all sons of Quiz, and Granicus and Rubicon by Sorcerer. The famous brood mares, Cobbæa (the dam of Sorcery) and Grey Duchess, by Pot-8-o's, were also in his lordship's stud, and pre-

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sented by him to George IV. when he commenced breeding race-horses at Hampton Court. The present Lord Stradbroke and his Grace of Richmond were confederates on the turf.

The Earl of Oxford took the field a few years back as usual, with a tolerably large string of horses; and, to use his own words, when he won the Great Produce stakes at Ascot, with his Muley filly, and the Clearwell stakes with his Clearwell colt (a *clear* thousand by the way, and the other five hundred), 'got out of his place,' which had generally been a good second. He ran second, indeed, with Ascot, for a Derby; and good judges say his horse ought to have won. His lordship, however, takes all this with perfect good humour, and is himself always a favourite at Newmarket, should his horse not prove to be so. The noble earl is considered a very liberal match-maker; but he has lately been running so forward as to be considered able to take care of himself. Of the Earls Verulam, Warwick, and Clarendon, we now hear but little, although the first-named lord is rather an extensive breeder. Lord

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Clarendon we consider little more than an amateur. Earl Sefton began his racing career late in life, and although he entered into it with spirit, giving two thousand guineas for Bobadilla, soon abandoned the slippery course. Indeed, so hastily did he retire from it, that, on a little disappointment at Epsom, he would not wait for the assistance of the printer, but sent a manuscript notice to Tattersall's yard that his stud was immediately to be sold. We confess we admire his lordship's decision—'When fortune frowns, the first loss is the best.' The Earl of Lichfield is rather deep on the turf, as the list of his horses shows. Indeed his lordship does everything with spirit, but even spirit cannot command success. Lord Lichfield, however, is a sportsman, and what is termed a high and honourable bettor. The Earl of Wilton, as well bred for the turf as Eclipse, being grandson to *the* Earl Grosvenor, is not only an owner of race-horses, but also a jockey —one of the best gentlemen race-riders of these days. The Earl of Chesterfield is conspicuous, as a peep into the *Racing Calendar* will confirm, no less than twenty-

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five horses now appearing to his name, besides three sent to Germany. His lordship had also, at his stud-farm, in Derbyshire, the renowned horses Priam[1] and Zinganee, the former having finished his brilliant career with winning the Goodwood cup. Report says, that he is likely to make his way in this 'forest of adventure,' as his experience increases with his years. But the best judge of this rank is the noble Earl of Jersey, who, indeed, does everything well. As a breeder, perhaps his lordship may not equal the Duke of Grafton and Lord Egremont, certainly not in extent; but we must place him third, having produced from his own mares one winner of the Oaks—Cobweb, supposed to be the best bred mare in England—and three winners of the Derby; namely, Middleton, Bay Middleton (by Middleton out of Cobweb), and Mameluke; the latter of which he sold to Mr. Gully for four thousand guineas! Perhaps no man ever brought to the post on one day two finer

[1] Priam has been purchased of his lordship for America, at the hitherto unheard-of price for a stud-horse, of three thousand five hundred guineas!

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horses than Mameluke, the winner of the Derby, and Glenartney, who ran second to him, beating twenty-one others with the greatest ease. Mameluke was bred by Mr. Elwes. Lord Jersey's stud is not large, but well selected, and he has every convenience for breeding at his seat, Middleton Stony, Oxfordshire. His lordship was formerly confederate with that thorough sportsman, Sir John Shelley, who had the honour of breeding Phantom and Priam. The Earl of Durham has retired, but, when Mr. Lambton, he had a splendid stud, which was sold by Messrs. Tattersall, in 1826, eight foals realising the astonishing sum of fifteen hundred and thirty-three guineas (above two hundred pounds each)!

Of Newmarket viscounts we muster more; but looking to the past, we must give Lord Lowther the *pas*, not only from his experience and knowledge, considered quite first-rate, but from the single fact of his having had sixteen horses in training, only a few years back, at one time. It is a singular fact, that his lordship has only won the Derby once—with Spaniel—and never won the Oaks, in his long career on the turf.

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He had formerly a large breeding establishment at Oxcroft, eight miles from Newmarket; but the land not being suited for it, in addition to the great prevalence of flies, it was removed to within a few hundred yards of Newmarket town, where his lordship occupies a farm. Here stood the horse Partisan, the sire of many good ones, and amongst the rest, Glaucus, purchased by Mr. Ridsdale of General Grosvenor at three thousand guineas, after beating Clearwell (Lord Orford's) in a match for five hundred guineas, at Newmarket, and now the property of Lord Chesterfield. The best judges are sometimes mistaken; and Lord Lowther should not have sold Glaucus to the general for three hundred and fifty guineas without having had a taste of him; for besides his winnings, amounting to fourteen hundred guineas, he cleared nearly three thousand by the purchase. But the '*Glauci permutatio*' is a standing proverb for a bad bargain, ever since the hero he is named after exchanged gold for iron under the walls of old Troy. Joseph Rogers, of Newmarket, trained for his lordship. Lord Ranelagh was a short time on

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the heath, but, preferring a more glorious field, is now fighting for Don Carlos; and we must consider our noble secretary for foreign affairs, Viscount Palmerston, only an humble provincial. To the satisfaction, indeed, of his competitors, his lordship has now relinquished even these rural honours, for Luzborough, Grey-leg, and company, were sad teazers to the west-country platers.

Our noble barons make no figure in the Newmarket list. Strange to say, we cannot find one. Lord Wharncliffe was the last; and still more strange to tell of so unwavering a Tory, his lordship's best horse at one time was Reformer!

Of honourables, owners of race-horses, we can find but one, Colonel Anson, a good sportsman and very spirited bettor. Neither can we produce more than two Newmarket baronets,—and are inclined to ask, how is this? Sir Mark Wood stands first, with a long string of horses.

Some apprehensions were entertained for Sir Mark when he entered the ring, with youth on his brow, and Gatton—just in time, by the bye—in his pocket; and it was feared all might find its way into schedule A.

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But Sir Mark has made a good fight—*he has given good prices for good horses*, which, with good training and good riding, have pulled him through; although since the days of Lucetta, Camarine, and Vespa (winner of the Oaks), he has not shone so brightly. His last week of the last meeting at Newmarket, 1832, was a very pretty finish. He won six times and received forfeit once; and on one match, Camarine *versus* Crutch, he is said to have netted three thousand pounds! His beating Rowton also for the Ascot Cup, with the same mare the same year (Robinson riding against Chifney), after running one dead heat, was one of the grandest events of the season. Lucetta with eight stone nine pounds met the Duke of Grafton's Oxygen (a winner of the Oaks) with seven stone two pounds, one six years old, and the other four, for the Jockey Club plate, at Newmarket, Beacon course. Lucetta won, and the speed was very little short of Childers, as they were but seven minutes in coming to the duke's stand.

One of the oldest sportsmen at Newmarket is General Grosvenor—but far from

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being the most fortunate. Indeed it is a trite saying, 'The general is honest, but unlucky,' and this is well said in these slippery times. He won the Oaks, in 1807, with Briseis, with heavy odds against her, consequently a round sum besides; and, again, in 1825, by Chifney's fine riding with Wings, with ten to one against her. He likewise won, with Blue Stockings, the Riddlesworth of 1819, perhaps the greatest stake ever won, being, including his own subscription, five thousand guineas! Fortune has also smiled upon him again, for the last year was a winning one. He bought Glaucus for three hundred and fifty guineas, won fourteen hundred pounds with him, and sold him for three thousand!—thus reversing the proverb. A few years back his winnings were somewhat unaccountable, his horses having been in the hands, not of a regularly bred trainer, but of his north-country colt-breaker, who has been in his service twenty-eight years. They amounted to twenty-five times in nineteen months.

After the father of the turf, we believe Mr. Batson is about the oldest of the Jockey Club. Although he was placed third with

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Hogarth, Middleton's year, and ran third for the Oaks, he never carried the Epsom honours until 1834, with Plenipotentiary. Mr. Rush also is an old jockey, and a very good supporter of the turf, running his horses more for amusement than profit. He also breeds, but his stock does not shine at Newmarket, where he is generally satisfied with a good third. It is said he breeds from worn-out mares. In the provincials, however, he is rather more fortunate; and it is something to say he was James Robinson's first master, and John Robinson trains for him. Mr. Biggs is another old member of the Jockey Club, but, like Mr. Batson, is more formidable in the provincials, where he has been a great winner, and hard to beat. Some years since, at Stockbridge, his horse Camerton was the winner of a memorable race. Three others started, viz., Sir John Cope's Shoestrings, the late Lord Foley's Offa's Dyke, and the late Lord Charles Somerset's Scorpion. The following was the result:—Camerton, ridden by the late Sawyer, who died shortly after, never started again; Shoestrings, by John Day, broke down;

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Offa's Dyke, by Goodison, went blind, but recovered his sight; and Scorpion, ridden by Joseph Rogers, now trainer at Newmarket, fell dead at the distance-post, from the rupture of a blood-vessel at the heart. The distance was four miles, and only one heat! Mr. Thornhill is one of the best judges of racing at Newmarket, and has one of the largest studs at his seat at Riddlesworth, whence the great Riddlesworth stakes takes its name. He has won the Derby with Sam and Sailor, both sons of Scud, and the Oaks with Shoveler, also a daughter of Scud. Previously to Sam's race, this shrewd judge pronounced the Derby stakes in his pocket! and he also picked out Gulnare as winner of the Oaks for the Duke of Richmond, without the possibility, as he expressed himself, of losing it, barring the accident of a fall. The strange coincidence of his winning the Derby with *Sailor* by *Scud*, during a violent gale of wind, will perhaps, never be forgotten at Epsom. Mr. Thornhill owns Æmilius, the celebated sire of Priam, Oxygen, etc., whose price is forty guineas. Colonel Udney's name stood high at Newmarket, but he has lately all but re-

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tired from the turf. He won the Derby with Æmilius, and the Oaks with Corinne, and has had quite his share of 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' as Buckle said, who was the colonel's principal jockey. He was once confederate with Mr. Payne, uncle to the gentleman of that name now on the turf.

Mr. Lechmere Charlton was on the turf more than twenty years, having run third for the Oaks in 1811, and has been an owner of several good horses — Master Henry, perhaps, the best. He has likewise been a great breeder of racers, and besides Henry (whom he purchased cheaply for seven hundred guineas), had Manfred, Sam, Hedley, Castrel, Banker, and Anticipation, as stud-horses, with several good mares from the Duke of Grafton and Lord Grosvenor, and, indeed, from other celebrated studs within his reach. Like all great breeders, Mr. Charlton has had many public sales, at one of which the sum of nineteen hundred pounds being offered for Henry, by a very badly dressed person in the crowd, he was asked by the auctioneer for whom he was bidding? "*Here* is my authority,' said the man, pointing to his

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breeches pocket. A few years ago, Mr. Charlton took rather a curious turn, exchanging the cap and jacket of the race-course for the wig and gown of the courts, and was actually called to the bar. Like Dido's love, however, the passion for racing could not be smothered in the murky atmosphere of Westminster Hall, nearly as gloomy as the vault of Sichæus; and we found him again with a good string of race-horses. There are not many better judges than Mr. Charlton, though we fear, like other gentlemen-sportsmen, he has paid rather dearly for his experience; and he has all but retired from the turf. Mr. Vansittart has also been a long time on the turf, and ran second, 1832, for the Derby, with Perion. He is a breeder of race-horses, and sold Rockingham for one thousand guineas to Mr. Watt. This horse won a good stakes at York Spring Meeting, 'beautifully ridden by Darling'; and the great St. Leger stakes of the same year at Doncaster. He is now the property of Mr. Theobald, of Stockwell, and has been a great winner up to the present time. Mr. Vansittart is a good judge, and always runs

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his horses to win, if they can. Mr. Hunter, of Six-Mile-Bolton, near Newmarket, is a first-rate judge of racing, and considered a good bettor. He won the Derby in 1821, with Gustavus, and has since used him as a stud-horse, but not to much profit. He made some amends by producing Forester, the winner of the July stakes, in 1832, and of several other things, and who was backed freely for the Derby, being out of an Orville mare. With the exception of the great card in their pack, all the Peels have a taste for the turf. The Colonel, however, is the only one who has the courage to face Newmarket, which he does with nearly as good a stud as is to be found even there, and has had his share of success. The Colonel is a heavy bettor, and loses with a philosophic indifference, worthy of a nobler cause. Mr. Edmund Peel has a large stud at Hednesford, in Staffordshire, where he has erected excellent buildings for their accommodation. Mr. Massey Stanley, son to Sir Thomas, has a small but neat stud. Mr. Sowerby has likewise a pretty stud, which he uses like a gentleman, for his amusement. Mr. Scott Stonehewer is one of the same class, and won

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the Oaks with Variation, in 1830. Mr. Payne, of Sulby, has generally a small stud at Newmarket; and Mr. Osbaldeston has made his appearance on the heath, not as the Hercules of horsemen, as he proved himself in his awful match against time, but as the owner of a string of race-horses. We had rather *the Squire* had remained with his hounds in Northamptonshire, where nothing eclipsed his fame.

But we must not omit two of our first-class men, *in this line*, on Newmarket heath, viz., Lord George Bentinck, and Mr. Greville; both said to be the best judges of racing, and the cleverest men at betting, of the present day. It is indeed asserted, that the only difficulty they are likely to have to contend with, is 'lame ducks' on the settling days, for they are very seldom on 'the wrong side the post.' The turf is also likely to gain an accession in a bunch of young noblemen just about to show forth, amongst whom are Lord Suffield, Lord Albert Conyngham, etc.

It rarely happens that what are called provincial studs do much in what may be termed the capitals of the racing world;

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but we cannot forget Lord Oxford beating the crack nags at Newmarket,—Eaton among the rest,—with old Victoria, and his Hedgeford jockey, the late Tom Car; Mr. Glover winning the Craven with Slender Billy; and, though last, not least, the great Worcestershire grazier (the late Mr. Terret, tenant of Mr. Lechmere Charlton) taking his fine Rubens horse, Sovereign, in his bullock caravan to Newmarket, winning the St. Leger stakes with him in a canter,—and, what was still less expected, his rural jockey, Ben Moss, out-jockeying the best riders on the heath. Neither will the same jockey's performance on Lady Byron, over the course, to the benefit of the said grazier, be very soon forgotten. But, although we must not enter upon the large subject of the provincial studs, we cannot omit a notice of the late Mr. Riddell, of Felton Park, Northumberland, who died about four years back. He was a firm and liberal supporter of the northern turf, but conspicuous chiefly as the owner of two very celebrated horses, viz., X. Y. Z. and Doctor Syntax—unparalleled winners of gold cups; the former having won nine, and the latter

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twenty, besides four thousand pounds in specie! The Doctor was one of the few modern racers that has appeared at the post for *ten consecutive years*; during which period, however, he only started forty-nine times, or within a fraction of five times in each year, on the average—winning twenty-six out of the above number of races. To this careful husbanding of his powers may his owners have been indebted for a great portion of his success. But he is descended from our very stoutest blood, being got by a son of Trumpator, as well as combining that of Regulus and Snap in his pedigree. He was bred by Mr. Osbaldeston, of Hummondsby, Yorkshire; and is the sire of Gallopade, a winner of four gold cups, at four starts only. Mr. Riddell was the breeder of Emancipation, purchased by the Duke of Cleveland for eighteen hundred guineas.

Deservedly high as Newmarket stands in the history of the British turf, it is but as a speck on the ocean when compared with the sum total of our provincial meetings, of which there are about a hundred and twenty in England, Scotland, and Wales—

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several of them twice in the year. Epsom, Ascot, York, Doncaster, and Goodwood stand first in respect of the value of the prizes, the rank of the company, and the interest attached to them by the sporting world, although several other cities and towns have lately exhibited very tempting bills of fare to owners of good race-horses. In point of antiquity, we believe the Roodee of Chester claims precedence of all country race-meetings; and certainly it has long been in high repute. Falling early in the racing year—always the first Monday in May—it affords a good trial for young horses, and there is plenty of money to be run for by the old ones, who come out fresh and well. This meeting is most numerously attended by the families of the extensive and very aristocratic neighbourhood in which it is placed, and always continues five days. The course is far from a good one, being on a dead flat, with rather a sharp turn near home, in consequence of which several accidents have occurred, particularly previously to some late improvements.[1] When we state

[1] The following most extraordinary accident happened here some years back. A colt called Hairbreadth, by

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that there are nine good sweepstakes, a king's plate, two very valuable cups, and five plates at Chester, its superiority as a country meeting will speak for itself.[1]

Epsom, however, ranks first after Newmarket. It is sufficient, perhaps, to state, that there were no less than one hundred and fourteen colts entered for the last Derby stakes, and ninety-seven fillies for the Oaks —their owners paying fifty sovereigns each for those that started, and twenty-five for

Escape, the property of the late Mr. Lockley, bolted over the ropes, and coming in contact with an officer of dragoons, Sir John Miller, who was on horseback, was killed by the peak of the helmet entering his skull, *when on the head of the baronet*, who escaped with trifling injury!

[1] The Eaton stud now cuts but a poor figure on the far-famed Roodee, as indeed, Touchstone excepted, on most other courses. Mr. Clifton is no more, but his memory will live at Chester for many years to come. Lord Stamford and his Sir Olivers have deserted it. Sir Watkin William Wynn has not a race-horse; Mr. Mytton, one of the greatest supporters of this meeting, is dead. Sir Thomas Stanley is no longer 'cock of the walk'; nor can Sir George Pigot run second. The Lord Derby is no more; and although (*scripsisse pudet*) *parson* Nanny stands his ground, Sir James Boswell, Messrs. Houldsworth, Giffard, Walker, Mostyn, and a few more fresh competitors of the new school, have lately carried most of the north-west-country honours.

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those that did not. There are, likewise, a gold cup, and several other stakes, as well as three plates. Independently of seeing him run, amateur admirers of the race-horse have here a fine opportunity of studying him in the highest state of his perfection. We allude to the place called the Warren, in which the Derby and Oaks horses are saddled and mounted. It is a small but picturesque bit of ground in the forest style, enclosed by a wall, and entered by all who choose to pay a shilling. To some it is a great treat to see the celebrated Newmarket jockeys, who may be only known to them by name. A view of half the aristocracy of England, also, is, even in these times, worth a shilling to many. The sporting men, meanwhile, reap much advantage from their anxious inspection of the horses as they walk round this rural circus. They can closely observe the condition of their favourites; and should anything dissatisfy them, they have a chance to hedge *something* before the race is run, although the ring is generally broken up a short time after the horses are assembled in the Warren.

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But what is the sight in the Warren, interesting as it really is—thousands on thousands depending on the result, ruinous perhaps to many—compared with the start for the race? Fancy twenty-four three-year colts, looking like six-year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats, drawn up in a line at the starting-place, with the picked jockeys of all England on their backs, and on the simple fact of which may prove the best perhaps a million sterling depends. *They are off!* 'No, no,' cries one jockey, whose horse turned his tail to the others just as the word 'Go' was given. It is sufficient: 'tis no start: '*Come back!*' roars the starter. Some are pulled up in a few hundred yards—others go twice as far. But look at that chestnut colt—white jacket and black cap—with thousands depending upon him! He is three parts of the way to Tattenham's corner before his rider can restrain him. Talk of agonising moments!—the pangs of death!—what can at all equal these? But there are no winnings without losings, and it is *nuts* to those who have backed him out. Who can say, indeed, but that, his temper being

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known, the false start may have been *contrived* to accommodate him? However, they are all back again at the post, and each rider endeavouring to be once more well placed. Observe the cautious John Day, how quietly he manœuvres to obtain an inside *location* for his worthy master, his Grace of Grafton. Look at neat little Arthur Pavis, patting his horse on the neck and sides, and admiring himself at the same time; but his breeches and boots are really good. Watch Sam Chifney minutely; but first and foremost his seat in the saddle—

> 'Incorpsed and demi-natured
> With the brave beast—'

and his countenance! 'tis calm, though thoughtful. But he has much to think of; he and his confederates have thousands on the race, and he is now running it in his mind's eye. Harry Edwards and Robinson are side by side, each heavily backed to win. How they are formed to ride! Surely Nature must have a mould for a jockey for the purpose of displaying her jewel, the horse. And that elegant horseman Sam

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Day; but see how he is wasted to bring himself to the weight! Observe the knuckles of his hands and the patellæ of his knees, how they appear almost breaking through the skin! But if he have left nearly half of his frame in the sweaters, the remaining half is full of vigour; and we'll answer for it his horse don't find him wanting in the struggle. Then that slim young jockey, with high cheek bones and long neck, in the green jacket and orange cap—surely he must be in a *galloping* consumption. There is a pallid bloom on his sunken cheek, rarely seen but on the face of death, and he wanted but the grave-clothes to complete the picture. Yet we need not fear; he is heart-whole and well: but having had short notice, has lost fifteen pounds in the last forty-eight hours. *They are off again!* a beautiful start and a still more beautiful sight! All the hues of the rainbow in the colours of the riders and the complexions of their horses! What a spectacle for the sportsmen, who take their stand on the hill on the course to see the first part of the race, and to observe the places their favourites have gotten; *they are*

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all in a cluster, the jockeys glancing at each other's horses, for they cannot do more in such a crowd. They are soon, however, a little more at their ease; the severity of the ground, and the rapidity of the pace, throw the soft-hearted ones behind! and at Tattenham's corner there is room for observation. 'I *think* I can win,' says Robinson to himself, 'if I can but continue to live with my horses; for I *know* I have the speed of all here. But I must take a strong pull down this hill, for we have not been coming over Newmarket flat.' Pavis's horse is going sweetly, and the Yorkshireman, Scott, lying well up. But where is Chifney? Oh! like Christmas, *he's coming*, creeping up in his usual form, and getting the blind side of Harry Edwards. Chapple is here on a *dangerous* horse,[1] and John Day with a strain of old Prunella. *It is a terrible race!* There are seven in front within the distance, and nothing else has a chance to win. The set-to begins; they are all good ones. Whips are at work—the people shout—hearts throb

[1] It will be observed that the above was written in the year 1833, when Mr. Sadler's Dangerous was a favourite for the Derby stakes, which he won.

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—ladies faint—the favourite is beat—white jacket with black cap wins.

Now a phalanx of cavalry descend the hill towards the grand stand, with '*Who has won?*' in each man's mouth. 'Hurrah!' cries one, on the answer being given; '*my* fortune is made!'—'Has he, by ——?' says another, pulling up with a jerk; 'I am a ruined man! Scoundrel that I was to risk such a sum! and I have too much reason to fear I have been deceived! Oh! how shall I face my poor wife and my children? I'll blow out my brains.' But where is the owner of the winning horse? He is on the hill, on his coach-box; but he will not believe it till twice told. 'Hurrah!' he exclaims, throwing his hat into the air. A gipsy hands it to him. It is in the air again, and the gipsy catches it, and half a sovereign besides, as she hands it to him once more. 'Heavens bless your honour,' says the *dark ladye*; 'did I not tell your honour you could not lose?'

There are two meetings now at Epsom, as indeed there were more than half a century back; but the October Meeting is of minor importance. The grand-stand on the

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course is the largest in Europe; and to give some idea of its magnificence, it has been assessed to the poor-rate at five hundred pounds per annum. The exact expense of its erection is not known to us, but the lawyer's bill alone was five hundred and fifty-seven pounds. Poor distressed England!

Ascot also stands in the foremost rank of *country* races. It is of a different complexion from Epsom, not only by reason of its being graced with royalty, and aristocracy in abundance, but as wanting that crowd of 'nobody knows who,' which must be encountered on a Derby day—the cockney's holiday. It is likewise out of reach of London ruffians—a great recommendation; and the strictness of the police makes even thieves scarce. But the charms of Ascot, to those not interested in the horses, consist in the promenade on the course between the various races, where the highest fashion, in its best garb, mingles with the crowd, and gives a brilliant effect to the passing scene. In fact, it comes nearest to Elysium of anything here, after Kensington Gardens, in 'the leafy month of June.' Then the

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King's approach, with all the splendour of majesty, and, what is still more gratifying, amidst the loud acclamations of his subjects, sets the finish on the whole. Long may the royal name be venerable to the English people.

Goodwood is the next great aristocratic meeting in the south, and has monopolised nearly all the racing of those parts. The Drawing-Room and the Goodwood stakes, and the cup, are prizes of such high value, that, as birds peck at the best fruit, all the crack horses of Newmarket are brought thither to contend for them. The corporation of Chichester add one hundred pounds to the cup, and his Majesty gives a one hundred-guinea plate. The course at Goodwood is also one of the best in England, nearly ten thousand pounds having been expended upon it—including the stand and the improvement of the road leading to it—by the Duke of Richmond; but his grace will be reimbursed if the meeting continues, by the admission-tickets to the stand, etc.

Let us take one glance of that modern Epirus, the county of York, in which there are now twelve meetings in the year—(nearly

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a century ago there were half as many more). York is one of our oldest race-meetings, and was patronised by the great sportsmen of all countries in former days; but the names of Cookson, Wentworth, Goodricke, Garforth, Hutchinson, Crompton, Gascoigne, Sitwell, Pierse, Shafto, and some others, appear indigenous to Knavesmire Heath. The money run for at the Spring and August Meetings, 1832, exceeded fourteen thousand six hundred pounds in plates and sweepstakes; yet they are now greatly on the wane. Catterick Bridge, in this county, is also an important meeting, as coming very early in the season; and Richmond and Pontefract are tolerably supported. But what shall we say of Doncaster?

'Troy once was great, but oh! the scene is o'er,
Her glory vanished—and her name no more!'

And wherefore this? Is it that we miss Mrs. Beaumont in her coach-and-six, with her numerous outriders? Is it that the lamented Earl Fitzwilliam, with his splendid retinue, is no longer there? Oh, no!—the magnates of Devonshire, Cleveland, Leeds, Londonderry, and Durham, can replace *all*

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that at any time; but it is the many dirty tricks, the *innumerable* attempts at roguery, which have lately been displayed, that have given a taint to Doncaster race-ground which it will require many years of clean fallow to get rid of. We will not enumerate these vile *faux pas*—the last but one, '*the* swindle,' as it is termed, the most barefaced of all—but let the noblemen and gentlemen who wish well to Doncaster, and who do not wish to see the meeting expunged from the *Racing Calendar*, act a little more vigorously than they have hitherto done, and not let villainy go unpunished before their eyes. Let a mark be set upon all owners, trainers, and riders of horses with which tricks are played; let them be driven off the course by order of the stewards; let them never again appear at the starting-post or in the betting-ring; and then, but not till then, will racing be once more respectable. Let us indulge our hopes that this will be the case, and that Yorkshire racing no longer shall be the reproach of the present age. 'All these storms that fall upon us,' said Don Quixote, 'are signs the weather will clear up—the evil having lasted long, the

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good can't be far off.' May it prove so here![1]

The alteration in the amount of the St. Leger stakes will do something towards abating trickery at Doncaster. The sum subscribed was twenty-five sovereigns, play or pay. It is now fifty sovereigns, half forfeit. The lightness of the old charge induced several ill-disposed persons to bring their horses to the post, purposely to create *false starts*; and it will be recollected that, in 1827, there were no less than eight of these, to which the defeat of Mameluke was chiefly attributed. The grand-stand on this course is one of the finest in England; and if the genius of taste had presided at the building of it, we scarcely know what improvement could have been made. The betting-room has been considered thoroughly *Greek*!

Although we have reason to *believe* that there have been fewer attempts at turf

[1] An amendment in these matters is already apparent. The eyes of noblemen and gentlemen have been opened to certain proceedings, and the turf is evidently in a more healthy state than it was when these papers first appeared in the *Quarterly Review*.

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roguery within the last three or four years than formerly; and we *know* that the exposure of it in these pages has not been without its effect; yet we regret to be obliged to say, that the snake, though scotched, is not yet killed. That the Doncaster St. Leger race of 1834 was a robbery, *there is not to be found a man in all his Majesty's dominions, unconnected with the fraud, to deny.* But by what means the best horse that England has seen since the days of Eclipse—a horse allowed to have been (as Plenipotentiary was allowed to have been), a better horse than Priam was—was made the worst horse in that race, so bad, indeed, as to have been beaten before he got a quarter of the distance he had to run—will perhaps never be known, except to those who made him so. Mr. Batson, his owner, like Æmilius Scaurus, the consul, stood on his character, and made no defence; but, as a St. Leger horse is the property of the public, we think the public had a right to some kind of explanation under Mr. Batson's hand. He might have followed the example of the late Colonel King, in the Bessy Bedlam robbery at the

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same place, and for the same stakes, in 1828. The Colonel sent a statement of all he knew of the foul transaction to a London newspaper, leaving the public to judge for themselves from the facts he detailed. Neither did the St. Leger of 1834 pass off with this single fraud. A bet of a thousand guineas was made by two persons, renowned on the turf, whom we call A and B. A backed the field against certain horses named by B, of which Touchstone, the winner, was *not* one. B, however, claimed the bet, and produced *his* list, in which Touchstone, the winner, *was named at the bottom of it.* A also produced his list, in which Touchstone the winner was not named by B; and was therefore of course a winner for him. The Jockey Club was resorted to, and the following was the result of their investigation:—'The name of Touchstone,' said Mr. Wilson, the father of the turf, 'certainly appears in B's list, and *apparently* written with the same ink. Now my old friend Robarts, the banker, told me there is a species of ink that can be made to match any shade which that liquid may exhibit, if examined by daylight;

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but if put to the test of a candle, a difference of tint is plainly shown. Let the room be made dark, then, and candles produced.' Now mark the result, which we are sorry thus to proclaim to the world, particularly as the offending party writes Honourable before his name. 'Let the *gentlemen* be shown into the room,' said Mr. Wilson; when he pronounced the following verdict:—'A wins from B one thousand guineas!'

It was a forgery! Gentlemen of England dissociate yourselves from persons who have thus disgraced your order; or, if that be impossible, withdraw yourselves at once from the turf.

On more accounts than one our turf proceedings must make foreigners marvel. Some years since, a French gentleman visited Doncaster, and gave it the appellation of 'the guinea meeting,'—nothing without the guinea. 'There was,' said he, 'the guinea for entering the rooms to hear the people bet. There was the guinea for my dinner at the hotel. There was the guinea for the stand, for myself; and (*oh! execrable!*) the guinea for the stand for my

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carriage. There was the guinea for my servant's bed, and (*ah! mon Dieu!*) *ten* guineas for my own, for only two nights!' Now we cannot picture to ourselves Monsieur at Doncaster a second time; but if his passion for the race should get the better of his prudence, we only trust he will not be so infamously robbed again. Indeed, he may assure himself of this; for Doncaster will never be what it has been, nor is it fitting it should be.

Warwick, Manchester, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Bath, and Wolverhampton are now among our principal country race-meetings, and all of these have wonderfully increased within the last few years; particularly Liverpool—a very young meeting, but which bids fair to catch the forfeited honours of Doncaster. Stockbridge also is now in repute, owing to the Bibury Club being held there —a renewal of the Burford Meeting, one of the oldest in England. Bath and Liverpool have races twice in the year, and the valuable produce stakes which all these young meetings have instituted are likely to ensure their continuance; as to the ever princely-hearted Liverpool at all events,

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there can be little fear. Speaking generally, however, nothing fluctuates more than the scene of country racing. Newton, in Lancashire, still keeps its place; but Knutsford and Preston decline; and Oxford, once so good, we may consider gone. At the latter place, indeed, it has been Dilly, Sadler, and Day—then Day, Sadler, and Dilly — winning everything — till country gentlemen became tired of the changes being rung upon them.

It was high time that a change, to a certain extent, should be made in country racing—but in some respects it has gone too far —we allude to the value of the prizes. A hundred years ago, breeding and training of race-horses costing comparatively little, running for fifty pound plates might have paid. Eclipse, indeed, was nothing but a plate-horse, having, in all his running, only won two thousand pounds, and the manor-bowl in the good city of Salisbury![1] But

[1] He won eleven king's plates, carrying twelve stone in all but one; was never beaten; and always ridden without whip or spurs. He died, 27th of February, 1789. The 'manor-bowl' is still a prize, and was won at the last meeting by a horse belonging to Mr. Stevens the trainer, at Isley, Berkshire.

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nothing can nowadays be got by plating; and the contest by heats, many of them four miles with high weights, borders on cruelty. On the other hand, out of nearly thirty races last year, at Liverpool there were only three run at heats, and not one four-mile race. At Newmarket there have been no heats, except for a town-plate, since 1772, a most beneficial change, and creditable to the feeling of British sportsmen. This, indeed, is as it should be; man should on no account inflict unnecessary labour on the horse, and, above all, on the race-horse. From no apparent motive but that generous spirit of emulation which distinguishes him above most other animals, and entitles him to our high regard, how he struggles to serve and gratify us! All these things considered, we are inclined to wish well to country racing, as in itself a harmless privileged pleasure, which *all* classes have the power to partake of; indeed, we envy not the man whose heart is not gladdened by the many happy faces on a country race-course. In fact, the passion for racing, like that of hunting, is constitutionally inherent in man, and we cannot

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reform nature without extinguishing it altogether. The Isthmian games suffered no intermission, even when Corinth was made desolate, the Sicyonians being permitted to celebrate them until Corinth was again inhabited; and it is certain that, during the embarrassments, privations, and panics to which England has been exposed during the last twenty years, racing, particularly country racing, has progressively increased, and in many respects improved.

We believe it is admitted, that in no country in the world do people ride with so daring a spirit as in the little island of Great Britain, and particularly in our Leicestershire hunts. But riding over a country, and race-riding, if they must be called sister-arts, are *diversæ tamen*, it being well known that many of our first-rate jockeys (Buckle among the number, who often attempted it) have made a poor appearance after hounds. On the turf, however, as on the field, our *gentlemen* 'delighting in horses' have, from old time, been forward to exhibit their prowess—

> 'Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
> The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit';

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though we take it that it was not until the Bibury and Kingscote meetings that gentleman-jockeyship arrived at perfection in England. It is beyond a doubt that there were gentleman-jockeys at that time almost, if not quite, equal to the professional artists, and a few of them in nearly as high practice in the saddle. Amongst these first-rate hands were, the present Duke of Dorset, and George Germaine, his brother; Lords Charles Somerset, Milsington, and Delamere (then Mr. Cholmondeley), Sir Tatton Sykes; Messrs. Delme Radclyffe, Hawkes, Bullock, Worral, George Pigot, Lowth, Musters, Douglas, Probyn, etc. Who was the best of these jockeys it might be invidious to say; the palm of superiority for head, seat, and hand was generally given to the duke and Mr. Hawkes; but Messrs. Germaine, Delme Radclyffe, and Worral, were by some considered their equals. Lord Charles Somerset was a fine horseman, though too tall for a jockey, and he often rode a winner. Mr. Bullock was also very good till his leg and thigh were broken by his horse running against a post; and Mr. Probyn was superior on a hard-pulling horse. Mr. Delme Rad-

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clyffe often rode in the Oaks, and continued to ride at Goodwood and Egham, till nearly the last year of his life. All the others have retired, and some to their long home: but it is favourable to this manly pastime, and the temperate habits which it induces, to state that, out of seven gentleman-jockeys who rode thirty-two years ago at Lichfield, only one, Mr. D. Radclyffe, who rode the winner, has died a natural death; all the others being alive, with the exception of Mr. Bullock, who was drowned.

The eminent jockeys of the present day are Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Osbaldeston, Bouverie, Peyton, Kent, Molony, two Berkeleys, Platel, Burton, Griffiths, Becher, Gilbert, and others whose names do not this moment occur to us. But looking at the value of the prizes at Heaton Park, for example (where, until last year, gentlemen *alone* were allowed to ride), Bath, Croxton Park, and several other places, we marvel not at the proficiency of these patrician jockeys; and during certain parts of the racing season, such performers as Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Peyton, Kent, and one or two more of the best of them, are

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in nearly as much request as the regular hired jockeys, and are obliged to prepare themselves accordingly. Wishing them well, we have but one word to offer them. For the credit of the turf, let them bear in mind what the term *gentleman*-jockey implies, and not, as in one or two instances has been the case, admit within their circle persons little, if anywise, above the jockey by profession. This has been severely commented upon as having led to disreputable practices, with which the name — the sacred name — of gentleman should never have been mixed up. With this *proviso*, and considering what might be likely to take the place of 'the laconic boot,' were it abandoned, we feel no great hesitation about saying, go—

'Win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown.'

A new system of racing has lately sprung up in England, which, however characteristic of the daring spirit of our countrymen, we know not how to commend. We allude to the frequent steeple-races that have taken place in the last few years, and of which, it appears, some are to be periodically re-

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peated. If those whose land is thus trespassed upon are contented, or if recompense be made to such as are not, we have nothing further to say on that score; but we should be sorry that the too frequent repetition of such practices should put the farmers out of temper, and thus prove hurtful to fox-hunting. We may also take the liberty to remark, that one human life and several good horses have already been the penalty of this rather unreasonable pastime; and that, from the pace the horses must travel at, considerable danger to life and limb is always close at hand.[1] What are called hurdle-races are still more absurd, by blending the qualifications of the race-horse with the hunter, at a time of the year very unfit for the experiment.

In Scotland, racing is progressing steadily, and in very good hands—in those chiefly of Lords Kelburne, now Lord Wemyss, Elcho, and Eglinton, Sir James Boswell, General Sharpe, and Mr. Ramsay. The crack man

[1] We recommend the uninitiated, who wish to have some notion of a steeple-chace, to study an admirable set of prints on that subject lately published, after drawings by the Hogarth of the chace, Mr. Alken.

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is Sir James Boswell, to whose honourable name no less than a dozen horses appeared in the calendar, amongst them General Chassé, the best country horse that has been out for some time. Lord Kelburne is an extensive breeder, and had in his stud those celebrated horses Actæon, now the property of his Majesty, and Jerry, by Smolensko, a winner of the Doncaster St. Leger. The principal meeting in Scotland is the Caledonian Hunt Meeting, at which there are a king's plate of one hundred guineas, two cups, and several plates and stakes. The Duke of Buccleugh gives a whip to be run for; but his grace confines his sporting propensities to the amusements of flood and field. There are also races at Cupar, Dumfries, and Edinburgh—where his Majesty gives a plate, and the Duke of Buccleugh fifty pounds, as well as a gold cup by subscription—and also at Kelso, where there is a stakes, called the Oats stakes, to which each subscriber contributes five bolls: Dr. Johnson would have pronounced this to have been perfectly characteristic.

After the example of England, racing is

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making considerable progress in various parts of the world. In the East Indies, there are regular meetings in the three different presidencies, and there is also the Bengal Jockey Club. In the United States, breeding and running horses are advancing with rapid strides; and the grand match at New York, between Henry and the Eclipse, afforded a specimen of the immense interest attached to similar events.[1] In Germany we find three regular places of sport, viz., Gustrow, Dobboran, and New Brandenburg; and the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg has established a very promising one in his country. His serene highness and his brother, Prince Frederick, have each a large stud of horses, from blood imported from England; and, amongst the conspicuous German sportsmen who have regular racing establishments, under the care of English training-grooms, are Counts Hahn, Plessen, Bassewitz (two), Moltke,

[1] There are two *Sporting Magazines* now published in America, one at Stockholm and Paris, and one in the East Indies (called the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*). A king's plate is also now given by William IV., of England, to be run over the Three Rivers course, in Canada.

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and Voss; Barons de Biel, Hertefeldt, and Hamerstein. The Duke of Lucca has a large stud; and the stables at Marlia have been rebuilt in a style of grandeur equal to the ducal palace. At Naples, racing has been established, and is flourishing. Eleven thoroughbred horses were, a year or two back, shipped at Dover, on their road to that capital, and which were to be eighty days on their journey, after landing at Calais. Prince Butera's breeding-stud, on the southern coast of Sicily, is the largest in these parts: it was founded by a son of Haphazard, from a few English mares; and his highness is one of the chief supporters of Neapolitan horse-racing. In Sweden is some of our best blood, and Count Woronzow and others have taken some good blood-stock to Russia. In Austria four noblemen subscribe to our *Racing Calendar*; in Hungary, eight; in Prussia, two. As I have not the last *Racing Calendar*, there may be more subscribers now; but, of all wonders, who would look for racing in good form at Van Diemen's Land? There, however, it is: we perceive several well-bred English horses in the lists of the cattle at

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Hobart Town, where they have three days' racing for plates, matches, and sweepstakes (one of fifty sovereigns each), with ordinaries, and balls, and six thousand spectators on the course! This little colony is *progressing* in many odd ways; it turns out, *inter alia*, as pretty an 'Annual,' whether we look to the poetry or the engraving, as any one could have expected from a place of three times its standing; though the *engraving*, to be sure, *may* be accounted for.

Until lately France made very little progress in racing; it did not, neither do we think it ever will, generally suit the taste of that people. Much encouragement, however, being given to it by the government, in addition to a strong *penchant* for the sport in the heir-apparent to the throne, it is at present greatly on the increase; and there are no less than twenty-four race meetings[1] advertised in the French *Racing Calendar*, in France and Belgium; at several of which

[1] Aix-la-Chapelle, Aurillac, Blois, Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Bruxelles, Chantilly, Compiegne, Jouy (au clocher), Liege, Limoges, Maisons-sur-Seine, Moulins, Nemur, Nanci, Nantes, Paris, Pir (le), St. Brieux, St. Josse-te-Noode, St. Trond, Spa, Tarbes, Versailles.

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very good prizes are contended for, and the horses trained and ridden by English grooms and jockeys. The principal ones of France are those of Paris and Chantilly, and that of Belgium, Brussels, at which prizes worth contending for are given; and at the first named place there are two meetings in each year, namely, in May and September. Each of these countries also has its Jockey Club and *Racing Calendar*; and some idea may be formed of the interest taken by the nobility and gentry, to whom such matters are at present confined—the betting man, or leg, not having yet made his *début* on the continent—in their contests for the palm of honour, by the fact of there having been nearly twelve thousand pounds betted on the event of the Jockey Club plate (won by Lord Henry Seymour's Frank) at the Chantilly races in April last.

The principal breeders of thorough-bred horses in France are his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, and Lord Henry Seymour, second son to the Marquis of Hertford, each of whom has a large breeding-stud at about three leagues distant from Paris, and stables for training in the Bois

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de Boulogne, the Hyde Park of that metropolis, in the roads and cross-roads of which the various horses are galloped and sweated. The stables of the duke are hired, but those of Lord Henry were built by his lordship at an expense of twelve thousand pounds, and are, for their size and conveniences, not excelled in Europe. There is likewise a public training-stable in 'The Wood,' kept by a Newmarket man of the name of Palmer, in whom much confidence is placed by the noblemen and gentlemen who intrust their horses to his care.[1]

It may, perhaps, surprise the majority of our readers to hear the extent of the studs we have alluded to; and we have reason to believe that that of Count Duval de Beaulieu, the President of the Belgic Jockey Club, exceeds them both in number. That of the Duke of Orleans, however, consists of seven brood-mares, exclusive of some lately sold, nineteen colts and fillies in the paddocks, and ten in training; total thirty-six. This

[1] A full account of the proceedings of the French and Belgic turf will be found in Nimrod's 'French Tour,' in the *New Sporting Magazine* for the months of July and September, 1836.

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does not include the stud-horses, amongst which are Rowlston and Tandem; and in the government establishment, in the Wood, are Spectre, Cadland, and Sir Benjamin Backbite, and Alterateur by Orville.

The stud of Lord Henry Seymour contains nine brood-mares, twelve one and two-year-old colts and fillies, and fourteen in training; total thirty-five, exclusive of the stud-horses, amongst which is Royal Oak, purchased by his lordship for six hundred guineas. Also, amongst the horses in training, is Ibrahim, late the property of the Earl of Jersey, winner of the last year's second Riddlesworth stakes, the two thousand guinea stakes, the Grand Duke Michael stakes, as well as some other 'good things' at Newmarket, and once first favourite for the Derby, which, however, he did not win.

Racing in Germany is considerably on the increase; fresh places for sport having sprung up within the last four years, particularly Hamburg and Berlin, where two thousand pounds of public money is given to be run for. In short, throughout the states of Mecklenburg and Holstein, as well as, indeed, the whole of Germany and

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Prussia, including Hanover, the spirit for racing is becoming general, and a peep into Messrs. Tattersalls' books would show that no expense is spared in procuring the best English blood. And all this is the fruit of one German nobleman, Baron Biel, of Zieron, near Wiswar, who supplied this part of the continent with the materials for the turf in the following manner:—The baron, having made a large and valuable selection of English thorough-bred horses and mares, had an annual sale of the produce after the following fashion: about a month previous to foaling-time, tickets were made out of the anticipated *produce* of each mare (the mares themselves being of course reserved), and put into a bag. The baron then drew out six lots for himself, thereby standing the same chance as the public as to future proceedings on the racecourse; and then those lots which remained were sold without reserve, to be delivered when weaned. The prices averaged about sixty guineas per lot, which, considering the possibility of the chickens not being hatched at all, or of being very short-lived, may be considered as good.

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The baron's efforts to introduce racing into his part of the world have been crowned with complete success. Although he has at present some powerful competitors in the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, Counts Hahn, Plessen, Bassewitz, and others, his stable the two last years has been pre-eminent, winning most of the best prizes at the various meetings alluded to, and keeping the two challenge whips in his possession. He also had the satisfaction of witnessing the success of several of his brother sportsmen's horses, *the issue of his stud*, and of the best colt of last year, the property of Count Hahn, by Godolphin, out of a Whalebone mare sold to the count by himself.[1] It will be recollected that Count Hahn purchased Godolphin, and resold him to England, after having used him one season as a stud-horse.

But it is in the New World—in America—that racing, and the consequent improvement of horses, are making the most rapid

[1] Baron Biel has at present the following stud-horses:—Varro, brother to Emilius; Predictor; the brother to Interpreter; the General; and Joceline, by Catton, out of General Mina's dam.

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progress; so much so indeed as, from the excellent choice they make in their stud-horses, to incline some persons to the opinion that in the course of half another century we shall have to go to the United States to replenish our own blood, which must degenerate if that of the most sound and enduring qualities is transported to that country. For example, in the American *Turf Register* for March last is a list of twenty-nine thorough-bred English horses propagating their stock throughout the various states, amongst which are Apparition, Autocrat, Barefoot, Claret, Chateau Margaux, Consol, Emancipation, Hedgeford, Luzborough, Leviathan, Lapdog, Margrave, Merman, Rowton, Sarpedon, St. Giles, Shakspeare, Tranby, and Young Truffle. To these are to be added Glencoe, and, alas! Priam, at the extraordinary cost of three thousand five hundred guineas!

The great and leading qualification of a horse bred for the turf is the immaculate purity of his blood. It is, then, little less than a misnomer to call a half-bred horse a race-horse; it is like the royal stamp impressed upon base metal. Besides, what

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are called stakes for *horses not thorough-bred* have been the cause of much villany on the turf, by reason of the owners of full-bred horses producing false pedigrees with them, to enable them to start, when, of course, they are almost sure to win. Perhaps the most successful, and, at the same time, the most impudent case occurred in 1825, when a Mr. W—— took about the country a horse which he called 'Tom Paine,' by Prime Minister, not thorough-bred, and won several large stakes with him; whereas this said Tom Paine was proved to be Tybalt, by Thunderbolt, and out of Lord Grosvenor's Meteora, by Meteor, *the best mare in England* of her day! But, besides all this, we doubt a good result, as regards the horse and his uses, from these stakes. In the first place, a really half-bred horse will rarely endure severe training; and, if he does, his constitution and temper are all but sure to be ruined by it. Secondly, however good he may be as a half-bred racer, he cannot transmit his base blood to posterity. Again, regular trainers dislike having to do with half-bred horses, and seldom give them fair play, *i.e.* seldom trouble themselves to go

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out of the usual course with them in their work, *which must be done to bring them well to the post.* Finally, these stakes are also the very hot-bed of wrangles; and the system lately adopted of produce-stakes for half-bred horses opens a still wider door for villany and fraud. We wish we could see the turf confined to pure blood.

But we must not conclude this article without a word or two to the young *gentlemen* just starting into the world who may have imbibed the ambition of shining on the English turf. Let every such person remember that he presents a *broad mark*—that there are hundreds on the watch for him—and that *he stakes* what is *certain* against not only all other chances, but the rife chance of fraud! Let him, before he plunges into the stream, consider a little how it runs, and whither it may lead him! In these days, indeed, gambling is not confined to the turf, the hazard-room, the boxing-ring, or the cock-pit; but is, unfortunately, mixed up with too many of the ordinary occupations of life. 'Commerce itself,' said Mr. Coke of Norfolk, in one of his public harangues, 'is become specula-

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tion; the object of a whole life of industry and integrity among our forefathers, is now attempted to be obtained in as many weeks or months as it formerly required years to effect.' This fatal passion has, indeed, taken fast hold on a great body of the people, and what is called a 'levanter' is perhaps a less rare occurrence from the corn-market, the hop-market, or 'the alley,' than from the betting-ring or Tattersall's. But we are told that betting—

'Though no science, fairly worth the seven,'—

is the life of racing, and that without it the turf would soon fall into decay. To a certain extent there may be some truth in this doctrine; nevertheless *betting* is the germ which gives birth to all the roguery that has of late lowered this department of sport in the eyes of all honourable men. The Scripture phrase, in short, is now every day verified, the race not being to the swift, but *to the horse on whom the largest sums stand in certain persons' books.* Indeed, it was not long since asserted by a well-known rider and owner of race-horses, deep in turf secrets, that if Eclipse were here now,

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and in his very best form, but heavily backed to lose by certain influential bettors, he would have no more chance to win than if he had but the use of three of his legs. What, may we ask, must be the opinion of foreigners, when they read the *uncontradicted* statement of the *New Sporting Magazine*, that in the Derby stakes of 1832, when St. Giles was the winner, every horse in the race, save one (Perion), was supposed to have been made safe—*i.e.* safe not to win? *By whom* made safe? Not by their owners, for many of them were the property of noblemen and gentlemen of high personal character. The foul deed can only be perpetrated by the influence of vast sums of money employed in various ways upon the event—in short, where the owners stand clear, trainers or jockeys *must* combine with the parties concerned in the robbery. But what a stain upon the boasted pastime of English gentlemen! And then the result:

'This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench!'

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But we may be told that racing—or rather betting on racing, supposed to be essential to its existence—cannot go on without what are called the 'legs' (described by an old writer on sporting subjects 'as the most unprincipled and abandoned set of thieves and harpies that ever disgraced civilised society'); and that pecuniary obligations are commonly discharged by them with as much integrity and despatch as by the most respectable persons in the commercial world. Undoubtedly they are; for if they fail to be so, the adventurer is driven from the ground on which he hopes to fatten. 'I would give fifty thousand pounds for a bit of character,' said the old sinner Charteris; 'for if I had *that*, I *think* I could make a plum of it'; and the rogues of our day, though not so witty, are quite as knowing as the venerable colonel.[1]

Woe befall the day when Englishmen look lightly on such desperate inroads upon public morals as have lately passed under their eyes on race-courses! Do they lose sight of the fact, that whoever commits a

[1] The word 'rogue' is obsolete on the modern turf; the term 'clever man' has superseded it.

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fraud is guilty, not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes the very existence of society? Can this familiarity with robbing and robbers be without its influence on a rising generation? We say it cannot; and if suffered to go on for twenty years more, we venture to pronounce the most mischievous effects to all classes of society. Talk of jockey-club regulations! As well might Madame Vestris sit in judgment on short petticoats, or Lord Grey on the sin of nepotism, as a jockey-club attempt *then* to pass censure on offences which they must have suffered to grow before their faces,—if, indeed, they should have been so fortunate as all along to steer quite clear of them themselves.

But let us look a little into these practices. In the first place, what is it that guides the leading men in their betting? Is it a knowledge of the horse they back either to win or to lose? and is it his public running that directs their operations? We fear not. Three parts of them know no more of a horse than a horse knows of them; but it is from private information, purchased at

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a high price—*at a price which ordinary virtue cannot withstand*—that their books are made up. Again; how do the second-class of bettors act? We reply—they bet upon *men* and not upon *horses*; for so soon as they can positively ascertain that certain persons stand heavy against any one horse, that horse has no chance to win, unless, as it sometimes happens, he is too strong for his jockey, or the nauseating ball has not had the desired effect. He runs in front, it is true, for *he can run to win*; but what is his fate? Why, like the hindmost wheel of the chariot, he is

'Cursed
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.'

Unfortunately for speculators on the turf, the present enormous amount of a few of our principal sweepstakes renders it impossible to restrict the owners of race-horses from starting more than one animal in the same race. The nominations for the Derby, Oaks, etc., take place when the colts are but one year old; consequently, many of them die before the day of running, or, what is worse, prove good for nothing on trial.

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Thus, the aspirant to the honour of winning them enters several horses for the same stakes, and perhaps two of the number come to the post, as was the case with Mameluke and Glenartney for the Derby of 1827—an occasion when the race was *not* to the swift, but to the horse which stood best in the book; the losing horse, it is not disputed, could have won, had he been permitted to do so. By the laws of racing this practice is allowable,[1] but it gives great cause for complaint, and opens a door for fraud. One of the heaviest bettors of the present day, who had backed Glenartney to a large amount, observed that he should not have *lamented his loss, had it not been clear that Glenartney could have won.* A similar occurrence took place in 1832 for the same great race. Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale (confederates, and as such, allowed to do so) *compromised* to give the race to St. Giles, although doubtless Margrave could have won it. All outside bettors, as they are called—those not in

[1] Lord Jersey declared to win with Mameluke, according to the rules of racing.

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the secret, as well as those not in the ring —are of course put *hors de combat* by such proceedings; their opinion of horses, formed from their public running—the only honourable criterion—being sacrificed by this compromise. But we will go one point further. It is proceedings such as these that are too often the cause of *gentlemen* on the turf swerving from the straightforward course; men—true as the sun in all private transactions—allow themselves to deviate from the right path on a race-course, *in revenge for what they deem to have been injustice.* We could name several honourable and highly minded gentlemen who have openly avowed this:—'Our money has been taken from us,' they have declared, 'without our having a chance to keep it, and we will recover it in any way we can.' In truth, we are too much inclined to believe, that a modern Aristides has fearful odds against him on the English turf at the present time. Look, for example, at the sums paid for race-horses, which we think must open our eyes to the fact. Three thousand guineas are now given for a promising colt for the Derby stakes! But how stands this favourite?

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There are upwards of a hundred horses besides himself named for the stake; more than twenty will start for it; and if he wins it, it does not amount to much above his cost price. But the purchaser will back him to win it. Indeed! back him against such a field, several of which he knows have been running forward, and others of which have not appeared at all, and *may be* better than his own! No; these three-thousand-guinea horses are *not* bought to win the Derby; —but the price makes them *favourites*— and *then* thousands are won by their *losing* it. We believe, however, this trick is now become too stale to succeed.

Then there is another system which cannot be too severely reprobated—namely, making a horse a favourite in the betting, and then selling him on the eve of a great play or pay race. We confess we could by no means understand 'the white-washing,' as it was termed by Lord Uxbridge, that the late Mr. Beardsworth obtained by his *explanation* of an affair of this nature at Doncaster. The act of selling a horse under such circumstances to a duke would have been a culpable one; but what must

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be thought of 'the merry sport' of placing him in the hands of a *hell*-keeper?[1]

One of the principal evils is the betting of trainers and jockeys. We may be asked, is there any harm in a trainer betting a few pounds on a horse he has in his stable, and which he thinks has a fair chance to win? Certainly not; and the old, and the only proper way of doing this was, to ask the owner of the horse to let him stand some part of his engagements,—a request that was never known to be refused. But *then* no trainer had a person betting for him by commission, and *perhaps* against the very horses he himself was bringing to the post—reducing such bets to a certainty! The evil of trainers becoming bettors has no bounds; for when once they enter upon it, it is in vain to say to what extent the pursuit may lead them. Look to the case of Lord

[1] The racing world remember Mr. Watt's honourable conduct on this point, when offered a large price for Belzoni, a great favourite for the St. Leger, 'No,' said he, 'my horse is at present the property of the public.' It is stated in the *Old Sporting Magazine*, for December, 1835, p. 157—and uncontradicted—that Mr. Mostyn had an offer made to him for the Queen of Trumps, on the day previous to her winning the St. Leger stakes, at Doncaster, of seven thousand pounds!

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Exeter's late trainer, examined before the Jockey Club. He admitted having betted three hundred pounds *against* one of his master's horses. Was there any harm in that individual act? None: because he had previously betted largely that the horse would *win*, and he had recourse to the usual, indeed to the only, means of securing himself from loss on finding that he was going wrong. But we maintain, that he had no right, as Lord Exeter's trainer and servant, to bet to an amount requiring such steps to be taken. Again; who betted the three hundred pounds hedging-money for him? Let those who *inquired* into the affair answer that! Now what security had Lord Exeter that *all* the money had not been laid out *against* his horse, and then, we may ask, where was his chance to win? Moreover, if trainers subject themselves to such heavy losses—for this man, it seems, had a large sum depending on the event—there is too much reason to fear they may be recovered at their masters' expense.[1]

[1] This trainer sued a public betting man this last year for three thousand pounds—on a bill given the June or July after the Derby, which the latter won—and in which the former had a great public favourite, who was nowhere in the race!

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The heavy betting of jockeys is still more fatal to the best interests of the turf, and generally, we may add, to themselves. Why did the late King dismiss Robinson, the second best, if not, as in some people's opinions, the best—in every one's opinion the most successful—jockey in England? Not because he had done wrong by the King's horses, but solely because his Majesty heard he was worth a large sum of money. What did the great jockey of the north get by his heavy betting? Money, no doubt; but dismissal from the principal stud of the north. In fact, no gentleman can feel himself secure in the hands of either a trainer or a jockey who bets; but of the two, the system may be most destructive with the jockey, as no one besides himself need be in the secret. If he bet *against* his horse, the event is of course under his control; and such is the superiority of modern jockeyship, that a race can almost always be thrown away without detection. On the other hand, if he back his horse heavily *to win*, he becomes, from nervous trepidation, unfit to ride him, as has frequently been witnessed at Doncaster;—we need not mention names.

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The first admission we have on record of a jockey betting against himself, is in *Genius Genuine*, page 106, where the author, the late Samuel Chifney (1784), rides Lord Grosvenor's Fortitude, at York, against Faith and Recovery, backing Faith against Recovery, *one win, or no bet*, and Faith won. He adds, that he did not think he was acting improperly in making this bet, because, he says, he *knew* Fortitude was unfit to run. Now, as he has given his opinion on the case, we will give ours. Let us suppose that Lord Grosvenor—thinking perhaps that his horse *was fit* to run—had backed him heavily to win, and that his jockey had backed (as he admits he did) Faith to win. Fortitude and Faith come to a neck-and-neck race; and what, may we ask, would be the result? Why, we really have not *faith* enough to believe that Fortitude would have won. Indeed, we can fancy we hear the jockey's conversation with the inner man. 'The money is nothing to my lord,' he might say, 'but a great deal to me,' so one pull makes it *safe*; and a few pricks of the spur, *after* he has passed the winning-post, serve to lull suspicion. To speak seriously—a jockey's

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betting at all is bad enough, but his betting on any other horse in the race save his own is contrary to every principle, and fatal to the honour of the turf.

We have already alluded to one system of turf plunder, that of *getting-up favourites*, as the term is, by false trials and lies, for the sake of having them backed to win in the market, well knowing that all the money betted upon them must be lost. This is villainous; but what can be said to the poisoning system—the nauseating ball—we have reason to fear an everyday occurrence, when a horse is placed under *the master-key*? This is a practice of some standing on the turf (see Chifney's account of Creeper and Walnut, 1791), and was successfully carried on in the stables of the late Lord Foley, very early in the present century, when one of the party was hanged for the offence. But people know better now, and the disgrace of the halter is avoided; no *post-mortem* examination — no solution of arsenic. A little opiate ball given overnight is all that is necessary to *retard* a horse in his race, but not prevent his starting. *Winners* of races are now not in request.

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A good *favourite* is the horse wanting, and there are many ways to prevent *his* winning —this among the rest.

There is one point more that we must touch on,—

> 'Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
> *Fortunam ex aliis*,'

says Æneas to his son, when he advises him not to trust to her wanton smiles for achievement and success. It is quite certain that *luck* has very little to do with *racing*, and the man who trusts to it will find he is leaning on a broken staff. To the owner of a racing stud, who means to act uprightly, nothing but good management can insure success, and even with this he has fearful odds against him, so many striving for the same prize. His horses must be well-bred, well-reared, well-engaged, well-trained, well-weighted, and well-ridden—nothing else will succeed in the long run. Still less has *luck* to do with *betting*. The speculator on other people's horses can only succeed by the help of one or the other of these expedients —namely, great knowledge of horseflesh and astute observation of public running, deep

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calculation, or secret fraud; and that the last-mentioned resource is the base on which many large fortunes have in our day been built, no man will be bold enough to deny. How many fine domains have been shared amongst those hosts of rapacious sharks, during the last two hundred years! and, unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulph! For, we lament to say, the evil has increased: all heretofore, indeed, has been 'tarts and cheese-cakes,' to the villainous proceedings of the last twenty years on the English turf. 'Strange! But how is it that exposures[1] are not oftener made?'

[1] A very proper notice has been taken by the members of the Irish Turf Club, respecting an alleged attempt at fraud on the part of Mr. Ruthven, a member of the Reformed Parliament, and here a reformer *on principle*. The charge against him was, that of his having ran two horses in Ireland under false names and ages, thereby pocketing large sums of money; and the following was the decision of the stewards, the Honourable John Westenra, John Maher, Esq., and the Earl of Howth, after a long and laborious investigation: 'Having most carefully examined the evidence produced before us, we are of opinion, that, in reference to Leinster and Old Bill, as also to Caroline and Becacine, a case of identity has been proved; and we consider Mr. Ruthven's

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This question is very easily answered. It is the value of the prize that tempts the pirate; and the extent of the plunder is now so great, that secrecy is purchased at any price.

But shutting our eyes to this ill-featured picture, and imagining everything to be honourably conducted, let us just take a glance at the present system of betting, and, setting aside mathematical demonstrations,

refusal to produce those horses for examination here, as conclusive of the facts of substitution alleged against him.

'We are therefore of opinion, that neither Caroline nor Leinster are entitled to any stakes on the races for which they have come in first; that the second horses in those races should be deemed the winners; and that the bets should go accordingly, except in the match between Caroline and Fusileer, in which the bets are off.

'In conclusion, we feel imperatively called upon to remark that, in consequence of Mr. Ruthven's withdrawal of his name from the Turf Club, it does not become a part of our painful duty to recommend to the Club any further proceedings in this matter.

(Signed) 'JOHN C. WESTENRA.
JOHN MAHER.
HOWTH.'

A full account of Ruthven's affair is to be seen in the March number of the *New Sporting Magazine*, 1836, p. 326.

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applicable only where chances are equal, state the general method of what is called 'making a book.' The first object of the betting man is to purchase cheaply, and to sell dearly; and next to secure himself by hedging, so that he cannot lose, if he do not win. This, however, it is evident, will not satisfy him, and he seeks for an opportunity of making himself a winner, *without the chance of being a loser*; which is done by what is called betting round. For example: if twenty horses start in a race, and A bets 10 to 1 *against each*, he must win 9, as he receives 19, and only pays 10; namely—10 to 1 to the winning horse. This, of course, can rarely be done, because it might not occur in a hundred years that all the horses were at such equal odds. Nevertheless, it is quite evident, that if, when a certain number of horses start, A bets against all, taking care that he does not bet a higher sum against any one horse that may win, than would be covered by his winnings by the others which lose, he *must win*. Let us, then, suppose A beginning to make his Derby book at the commencement of the new year. B bets him

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(about the usual odds) 20 to 1 against an outsider, which A takes in hundreds, viz., 2000 to 100. The outsider improves; he comes out in the spring, and wins a race, and the odds drop to 10 to 1. A bets 1000 to 100 *against* him. He is now on velvet; he cannot lose, and may win 1000. In fact, he has one thousand pounds in hand to play with, which the alteration of the odds has given him. But mark, he is only playing with it; he may never pocket it: so he acts thus. The outsider—we will call him *Repealer*—comes out again, wins another race, and the odds are only 5 to 1 against him. A bets 500 to 100 more against him; and let us now see how he stands:—

If Repealer wins, A receives from B . .		£2000
He pays to C	£1000	
Ditto to D	500	
		£1500
Balance in A's favour by Repealer *winning*		£500
If Repealer loses—A receives from C .		£100
Ditto from D .		100
		200
A pays B £100—Deduct		100
Balance in A's favour by Repealer *losing*		£100

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But is there *no* contingency here. Yes, the colt might have died before A had hedged, and then he must have paid his one hundred pounds; but, on the other hand, he would have been out of the field, which might have been worth all the money to him, in his deeper speculations on other horses. But let us suppose our colt to have remained at the original odds, viz., 20 to 1. In that case, A must have betted 2000 to 100 against him, and then no harm would have arisen.

In what is called making a book on a race, it is evident that the bettor must be early in the market, taking and betting the odds for and against each horse: for backing a favourite to win is not his system. His chief object is to take long odds against such horses as he fancies, and then await the turn of the market, when he sells dearly what he has purchased cheaply. For example, how often does it happen that 12 to 1 is the betting against a horse two months before his race, and before he starts it is only 4 to 1? If the bettor has taken 1200 to 100 against him, and then bets 400 to 100 the other way, he risks nothing, but has a

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chance to win 800. It is by this system of betting that it often becomes a matter of indifference to a man which horse wins, his money being so divided amongst them all. In fact, what is called an outsider is often the best winner for him, as in that case he pockets all the bets he has made against those horses which *gentlemen and their friends have fancied.* There is, however, too often what is called 'the book-horse' in some of the *great* races, in which more than one party are concerned. What the term 'book-horse' implies, we need not explain further than by saying, that it would signify little were he really a book and not a horse:—the animal with the best blood in England in his veins, and the best jockey on his back, shall have no more chance to win, if backed heavily to lose, than a jackass.

Yet this evil is likely to cure itself; and we cannot more clearly point out the remedy than by extracting the following passage from the June number of the *New Sporting Magazine* for the year 1836. 'The settling-day (for the Epsom Meeting) on the 24th of May, passed off worse than any

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settling-day within our recollection. There was less money forthcoming than ever was known; and one noble lord, a *book*-winner of ten thousand pounds, was only able to draw three thousand pounds; while others actually went prepared to pay, whereas they ought to have been large winners. We are happy to add that the blackleg fraternity were the heavy losers, and upon the old proverb of "*ex nihilo nihil fit*," no better settling could be expected. Until gentlemen and men of reputation separate themselves from such unworthy associates, betting and book-making must continue a mere farce.'

As we well know that a huge fortune was made in the betting-ring by a certain person now deceased, who could neither read nor write, and that one of the heaviest bettors of the present day is in the same state of blessed ignorance,[1] we may safely conclude,

[1] We have here, perhaps, the only instance of palpable arithmetic in these days; still it is truly characteristic. The ancient Greeks kept their accounts by the means of pebbles, and so does this modern Athenian, shifting them from pocket to pocket as events come off; and, although a heavy bettor in the Newmarket ring, he is generally correct. Perhaps he may

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that if these two persons ever heard of *fractional arithmetic*, they could know no more of it than of the division of logarithms. Nevertheless, the probability of events can only be found by such help: and even then, as far as racing is concerned, although the adept in this part of the mathematician's art may be able to ascertain the precise odds that may be given or received, so as to provide against loss, yet he will find that, to be certain to win, advantage must be taken of all chances more favourable than the precise odds. In fact, it will be by advantageous bets on particular events, that he will have a balance in his favour at the winding-up of his book, and it would avail him little to work for no profit. The main

have been indebted, for this clever expedient, to some learned Cantab, who may have told him, on the authority of Diogenes Laertius, that the bestowing on pebbles an artificial value was even older than Solon, the great *reformer* of the Athenian commonwealth. Eschines, in his oration for the crown, indeed, speaking of balanced accounts, says, 'the pebbles were cleared away, and none left'; and his rival, Demosthenes, strikes his balance by the help of counters. Hence the origin of the word calculate, from *calculus*, a pebble; and in popular language of the present day, to clear scores, is to settle accounts.

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point, however, on which it is indispensably necessary to keep the eye in betting, is, in a series of different events, *the exact odds to be readily had on every individual event; and having made a round of these engagements, as opinion fluctuates, opportunities will offer themselves where great advantage may be gained.*

It is on a plurality of events that figures must be resorted to, the chances on which must be put to the test of arithmetical solution. As everything may be understood which man is permitted to know, a few lessons from the schoolmaster will furnish this; and we now give the following simple examples, which are easily understood, and generally applicable. And let us add, that, to a betting man, who speculates largely, the difference of half a point in the precise odds may win or lose a large fortune in the course of a few years.

EXAMPLES.—Two horses are about to start. The betting on one is even, and the odds on the other is 6 to 4. What odds must B bet A that he does not name both

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the *winners*? The expression for the former is $\frac{1}{2}$, and for the latter $\frac{6}{10}$; but $\frac{6}{10}$ is equal to $\frac{3}{5}$, therefore say—

$$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{5} = \frac{3}{10}; \text{ and } 10 - 3 = 7.$$

hence the odds are 7 to 3. B, therefore, lays A 7 to 3 that he does not name both winners, and then hedges as follows: As three pounds is the sum to which he has staked his seven pounds, he lays that sum even that A wins; and on the other event he lays 6 to 4 (the odds in the example) the same way. Now A wins both, and receives of B seven pounds; but B wins three pounds on the former by hedging, and four pounds on the latter, which is equal to what he has lost to A. It is here obvious, that had B, in hedging, been enabled to have made better bets—for instance, could he have done better than by taking an even three pounds on the first event, and had greater odds than 6 to 4 on the latter—he might have won, but could not have lost.

On the same two events, what odds may B lay A that the latter does not *lose* both? Set down for the former $\frac{1}{2}$, and the latter

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will now be $\frac{4}{10}$; but $\frac{4}{10}$ is equal to $\frac{2}{5}$; therefore, it will be—

$$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{2}{5} = \frac{2}{10}; \text{ and } 10 - 2 = 8:$$

hence the odds are 8 to 2 = 4 to 1.

Proof by Hedging.—B begins to hedge by betting an even one pound on the first event, which, A winning, he wins. On the subsequent event, B takes the odds, 3 to 2, which, A winning, he also wins. Thus he receives four pounds, which pays the 4 to 1 he betted on A losing both events.

Upon two several events, even betting on the one, and 7 to 4 in favour of A on the other, what odds may B lay against A *winning* both? The one, as before, is $\frac{1}{2}$, and the other is represented by $\frac{7}{11}$:

$$\text{Then } \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{7}{11} = \frac{7}{22}; \text{ and } 22 - 7 = 15:$$

thus 15 to 7 is the odds.

Proof by Hedging.—The sum against which B laid his odds is 7; therefore he begins by laying seven pounds on the first event; which, as A wins, he wins. On the next event he lays 14 to 8, or twice 7 to twice 4, as per terms of question, which he also wins; making together 7 and 8 = 15, the odds he had laid with, and lost to A.

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Upon the same two events, what odds may B bet A that the latter does not *lose* both? Set down for the former $\frac{1}{2}$, for the latter $\frac{4}{11}$:

Then $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{4}{11} = \frac{4}{22}$; and $22 - 4 = 18$:

therefore 18 to $4 = 9$ to 2 is the odds.

Proof by Hedging.—B bets first the sum to which he has laid his odds, namely, two pounds, which he wins; and then taking 7 to 4 on the second event, he wins $2 + 7 = 9$, which pays the nine pounds he lost to A; and had more favourable odds been offered, B must have been a winner without risk of losing.

When *three* distinct events are pending, on the first of which the betting is even; on the second 3 to 2 in favour of A, and the third 5 to 4; what odds should B lay A that the latter does not name all the winners? The first is expressed by $\frac{1}{2}$, the second by $\frac{3}{5}$, and the third by $\frac{5}{9}$:

Therefore,

$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{5} \pm \frac{5}{9} =$ (by cancelling) $\frac{1}{8}$; and $6 - 1 = 5$:

hence the odds are 5 to 1.

Proof by Hedging.—B begins to hedge by betting an even two pounds that A wins the

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first event; he then bets the odds on the next, viz. (3 to 2)÷2=1½ to 1. B also bets the odds on the third event, viz. (5 to 4)÷2 =2½ to 2. Now A wins all three; therefore, B wins 2+1+2=£5, which pays what he lost to A. The odds that A did not *lose* these *three* events would be 41 to 4.

We now dismiss this subject, with no probability of our ever returning to it. Although the perusal of Xenophon might have made Scipio a hero, we have not the slightest intention of manufacturing jockeys by any effort of our pen; and yet we wish we had touched on these matters sooner. But why so? Is it that we would rather have been Livy, to have written on the grandeur of Rome, than Tacitus on its ill-fated decline? It may be so; for we are loth to chronicle, in any department, our country's dispraise; but we are not without the reflection, that we might have done something towards *preventing* the evils we have had to deplore, by exposing the manner in which they have accumulated and thriven. That there are objections to racing, we do not deny, as, indeed, there are to most of the *sports* which have been invented for the amusement of

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mankind, and few of which can gratify *pure* benevolence; but, when honourably conducted, we consider the turf as not more objectionable than most others, and it has one advantage over almost all now in any measure of fashionable repute:—*it diffuses its pleasures far and wide.* The owner of race-horses cannot gratify his passion for the turf without affording delight to thousands upon thousands of the less fortunate of his countrymen. This is no trivial feature in the case, now that shooting is divided between the lordly *battue* and the prowl of the poacher,—and that fox-hunting is every day becoming more and more a piece of exclusive luxury, instead of furnishing the lord, the squire, and the yeoman, with a common recreation, and promoting mutual goodwill among all the inhabitants of the rural district.

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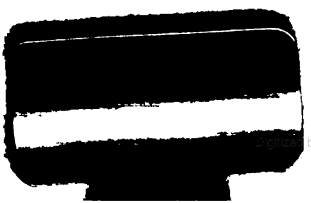

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